MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

NO. 82

MAY

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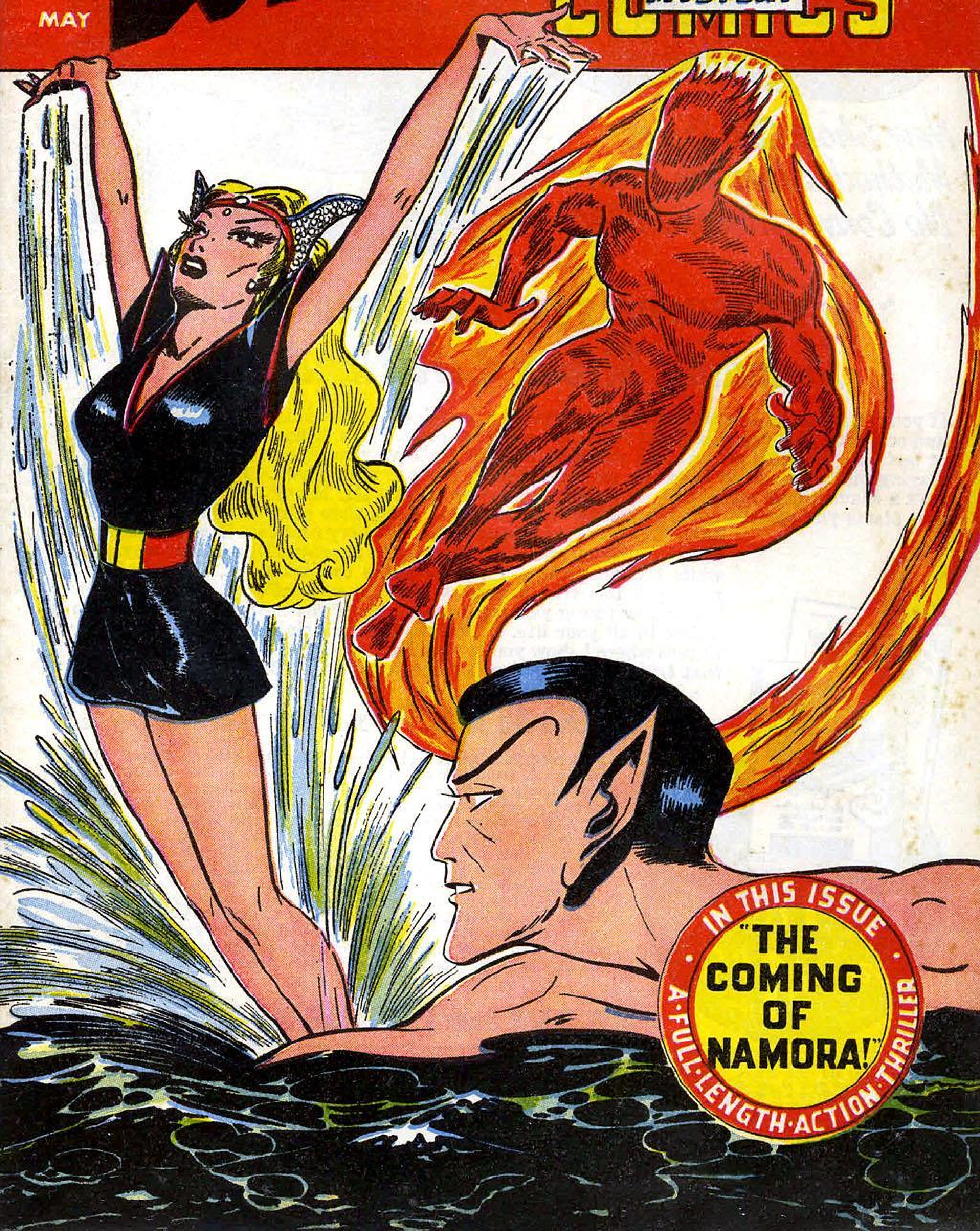
IN THIS ISSUE
"THE COMING OF NAMORA!"
A·FULL·LENGTH·ACTION·THRILLER

This's Easy Way TEACHES PIANO *without sheet music*

New Short-Cut Piano Method.. Has No Scales.. No Conventional Notes

TEACHES SIMPLE SONGS FROM FIRST LESSON

Including Strong Left Hand Bass

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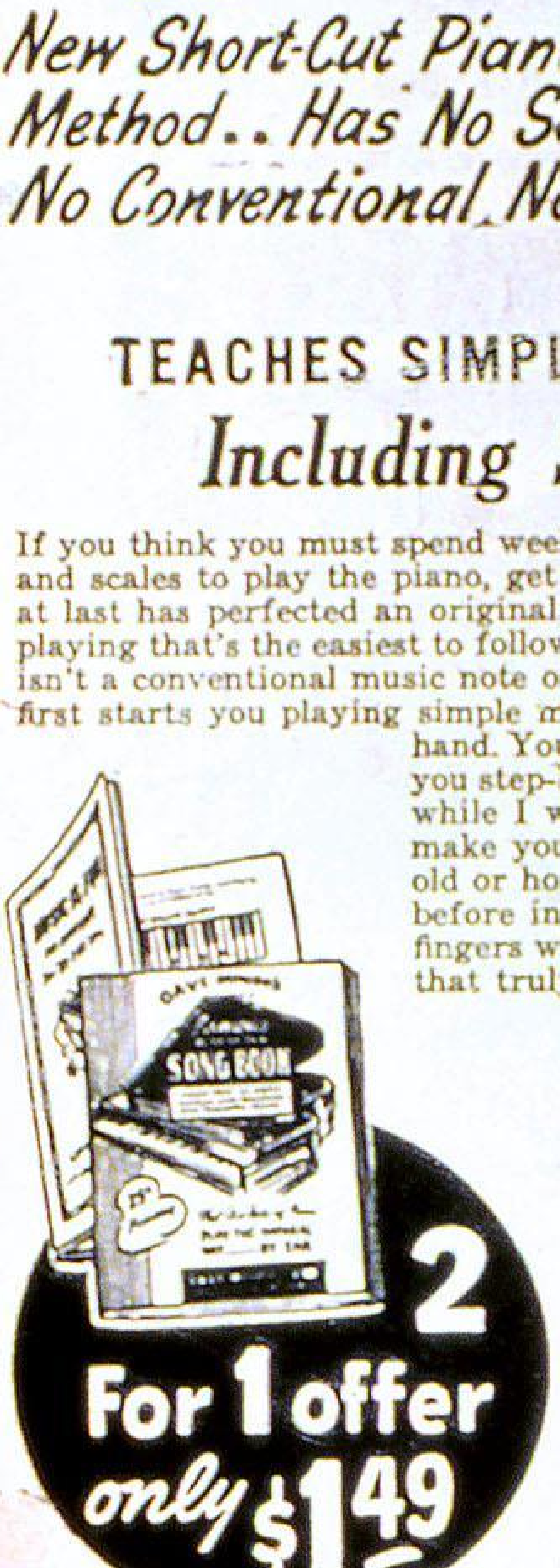
If you think you must spend weeks and weeks on learning note reading and scales to play the piano, get ready for a big surprise. Dave Minor at last has perfected an original, different SHORT CUT way to piano playing that's the easiest to follow, simplest method you ever saw. There isn't a conventional music note or scale in the entire course. Mr. Minor first starts you playing simple melodies with the right hand, then easy chords with the left hand. You play simple songs, often the very first day. Each lesson takes you step-by-step into piano playing the short-cut Dave Minor way. And while I won't pretend I'll make you a concert artist, I can and will make you this trial inspection and approval offer. I don't care how old or how young you are. I don't care if you never played the piano before in all your life. If you can read simple English and put your fingers where I show you by my charts where to put them, you'll agree that truly "music is fun for everyone" THE DAVE MINOR WAY.



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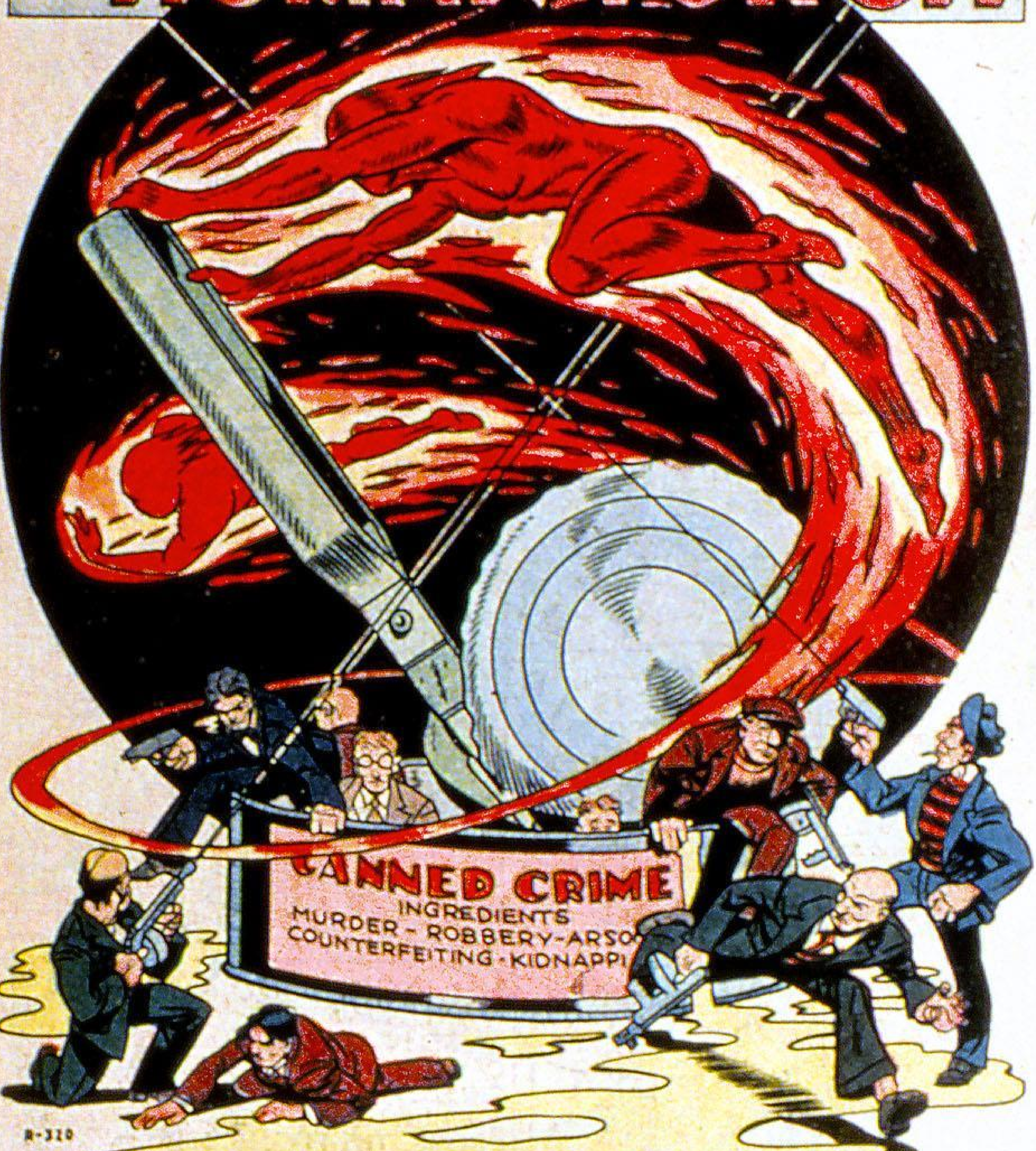
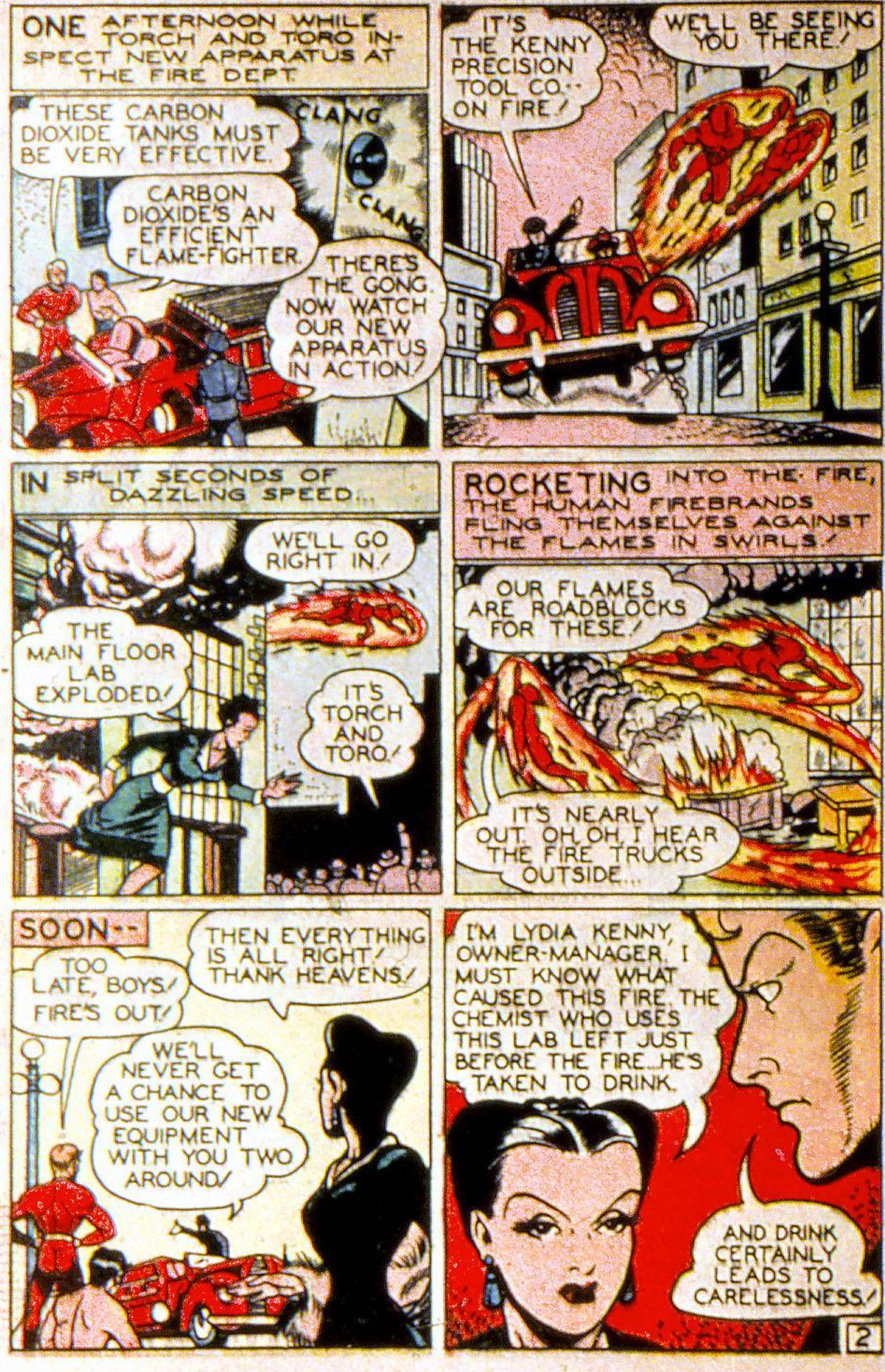
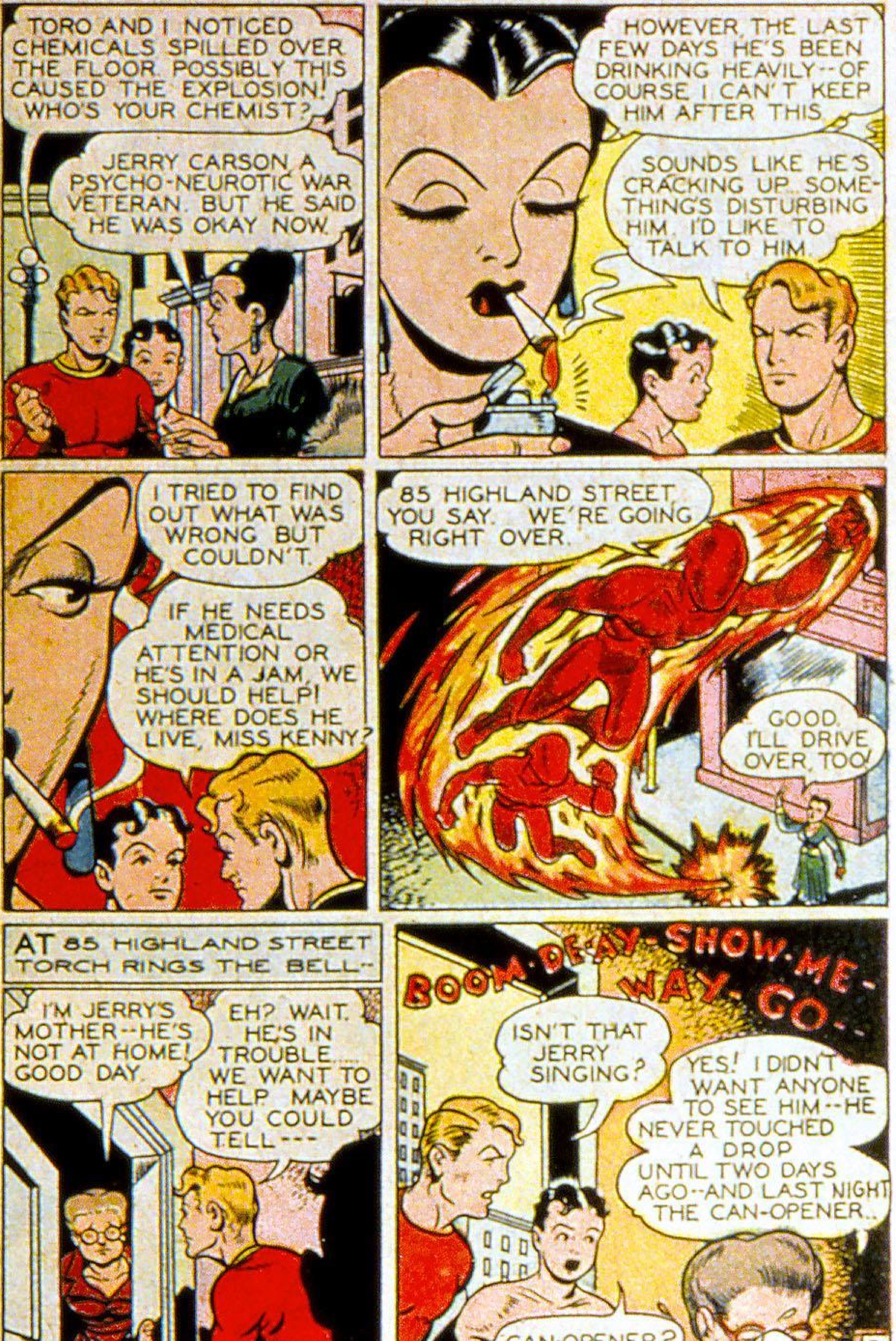
THE HUMAN TORCH

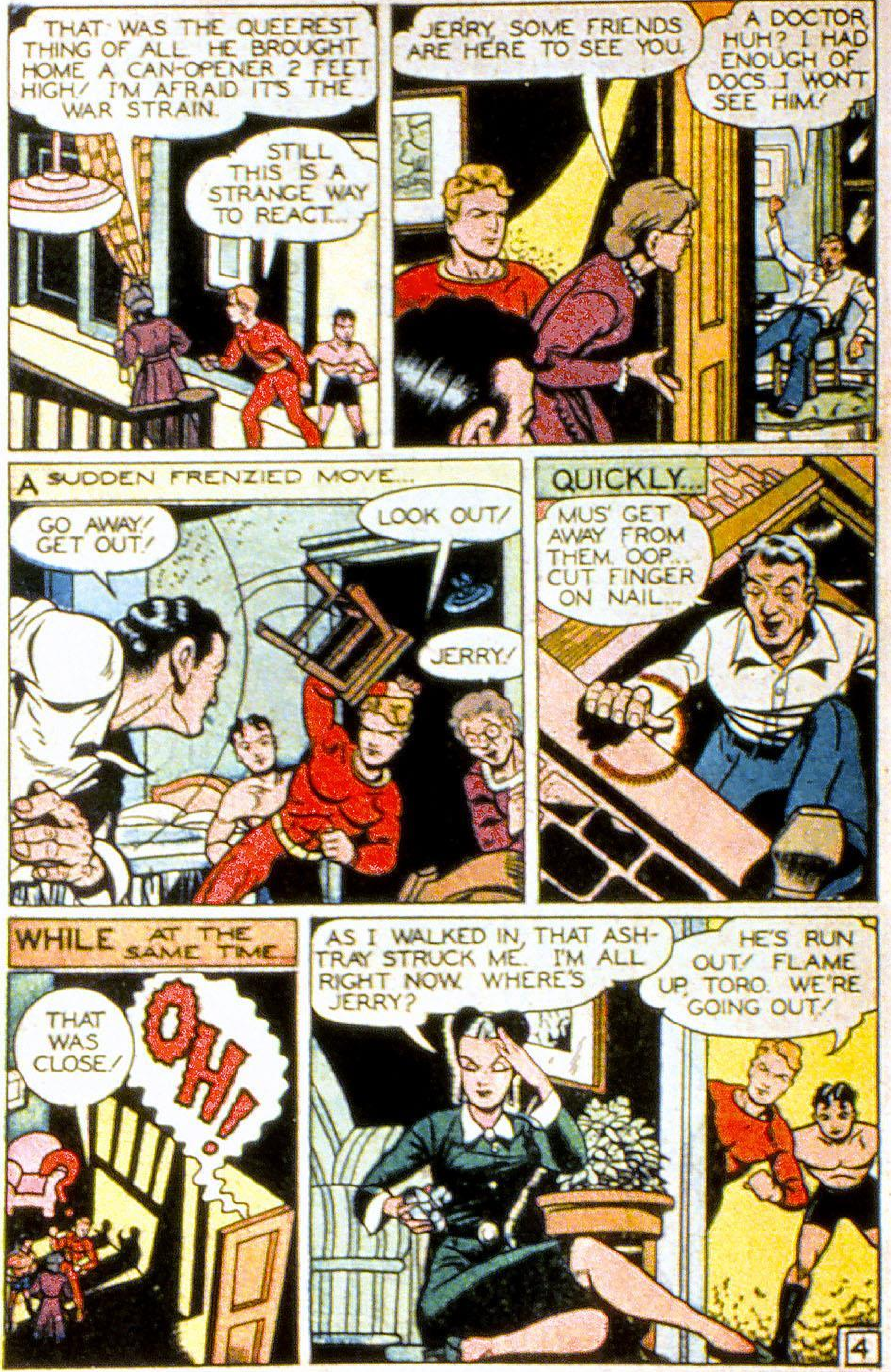

CANNED CRIME
INGREDIENTS
MURDER - ROBBERY - ARSO
COUNTERFEITING - KIDNAPPI
R-320

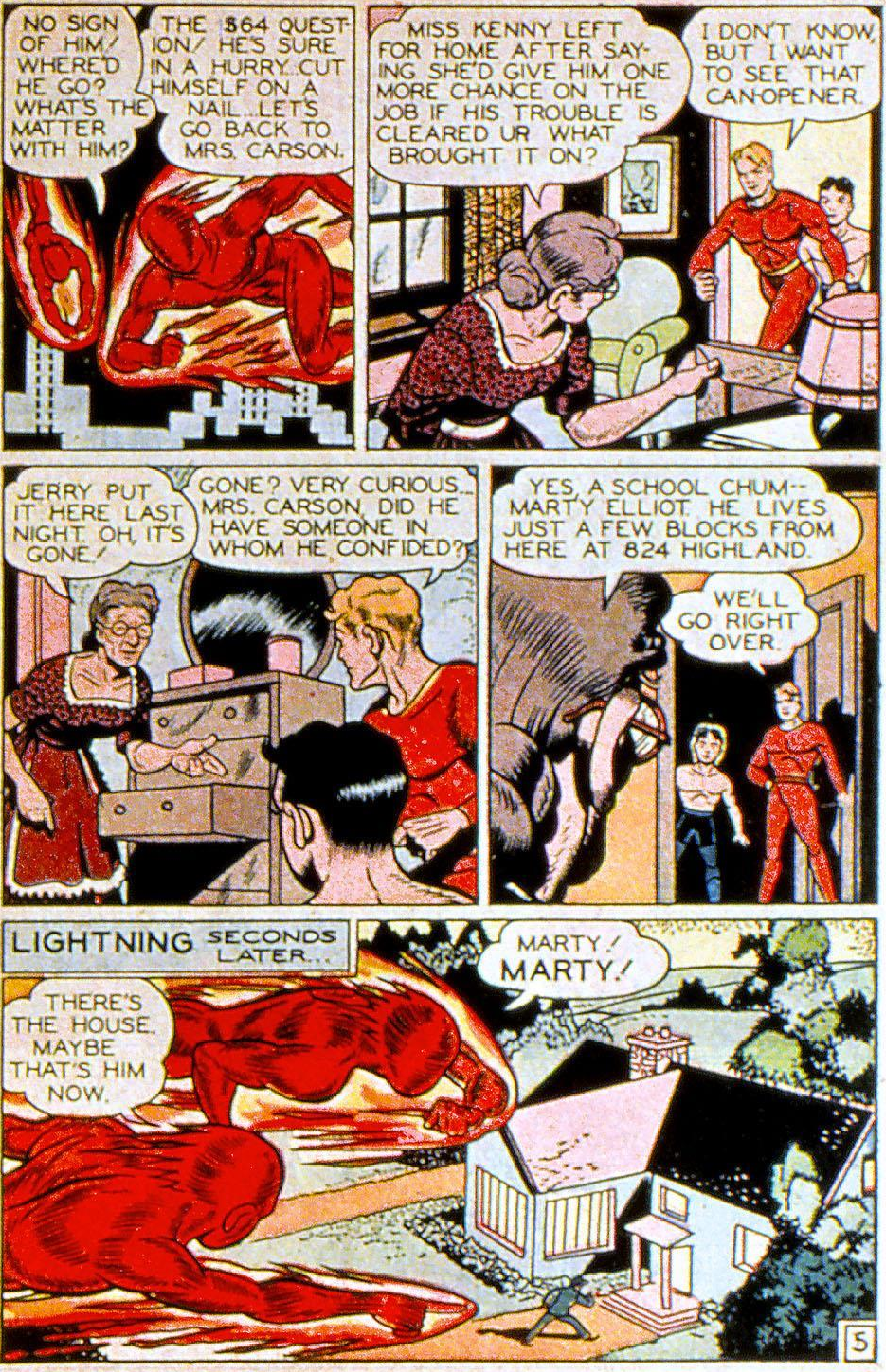
A MYSTERY OF RAMPANT MURDER STRANGELY HINGES ON A GIANT CAN-OPENER! AND THAT BIZARRE CLUE TO CRIME MORE QUEERLY VANISHES! BUT THAT POWER-HOUSE PAIR **TORCH** AND **TORO** WITH SMASHING FISTS AND READY RAZOR-EDGED WITS REMOVES THE LID OFF A CASE OF RUTHLESS KILLING THAT CATCHES A WAR HERO IN ITS TREACHEROUS DEPTHS--A CASE OF ......

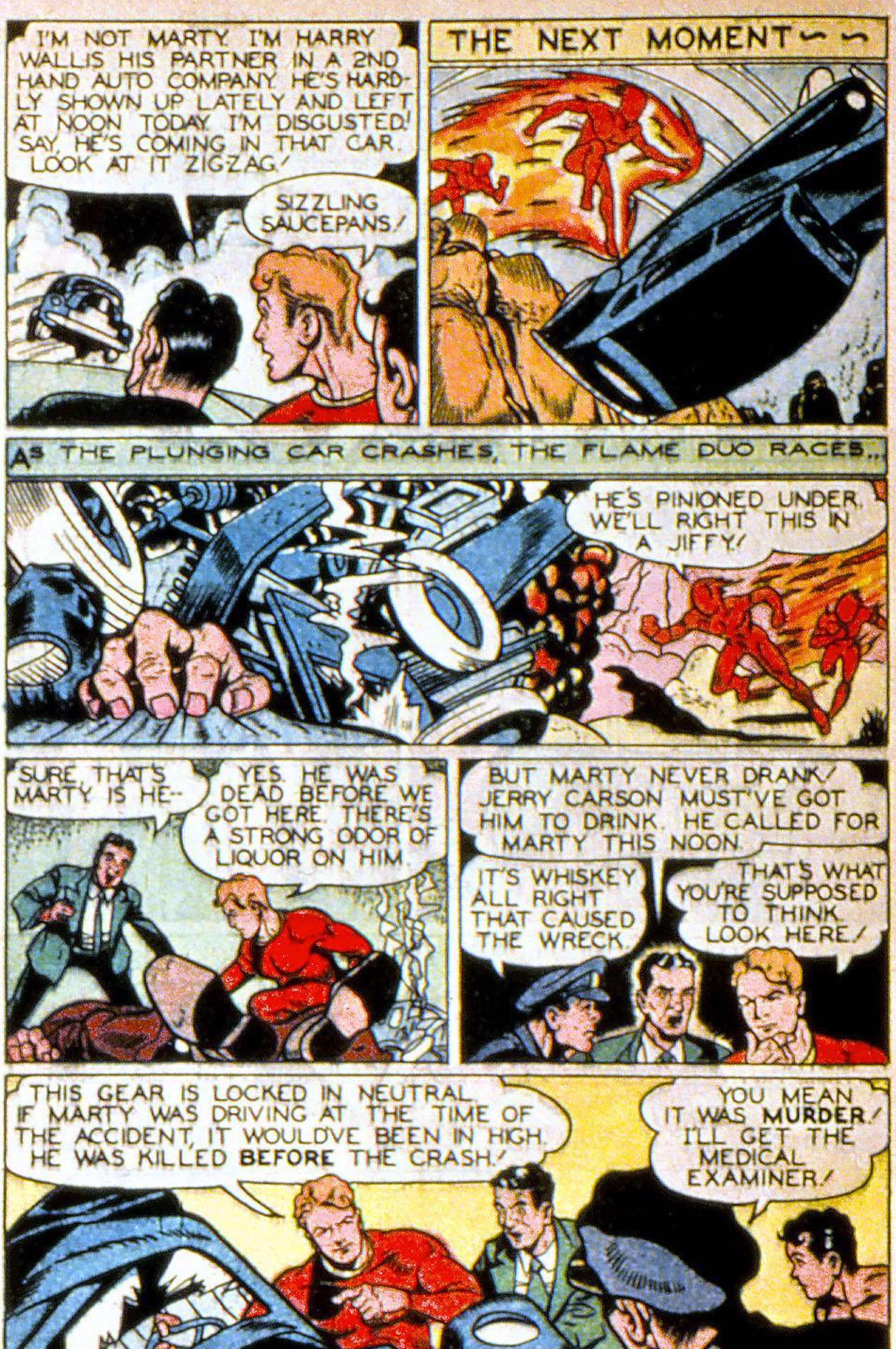
"THE LAUGHING KILLER!"

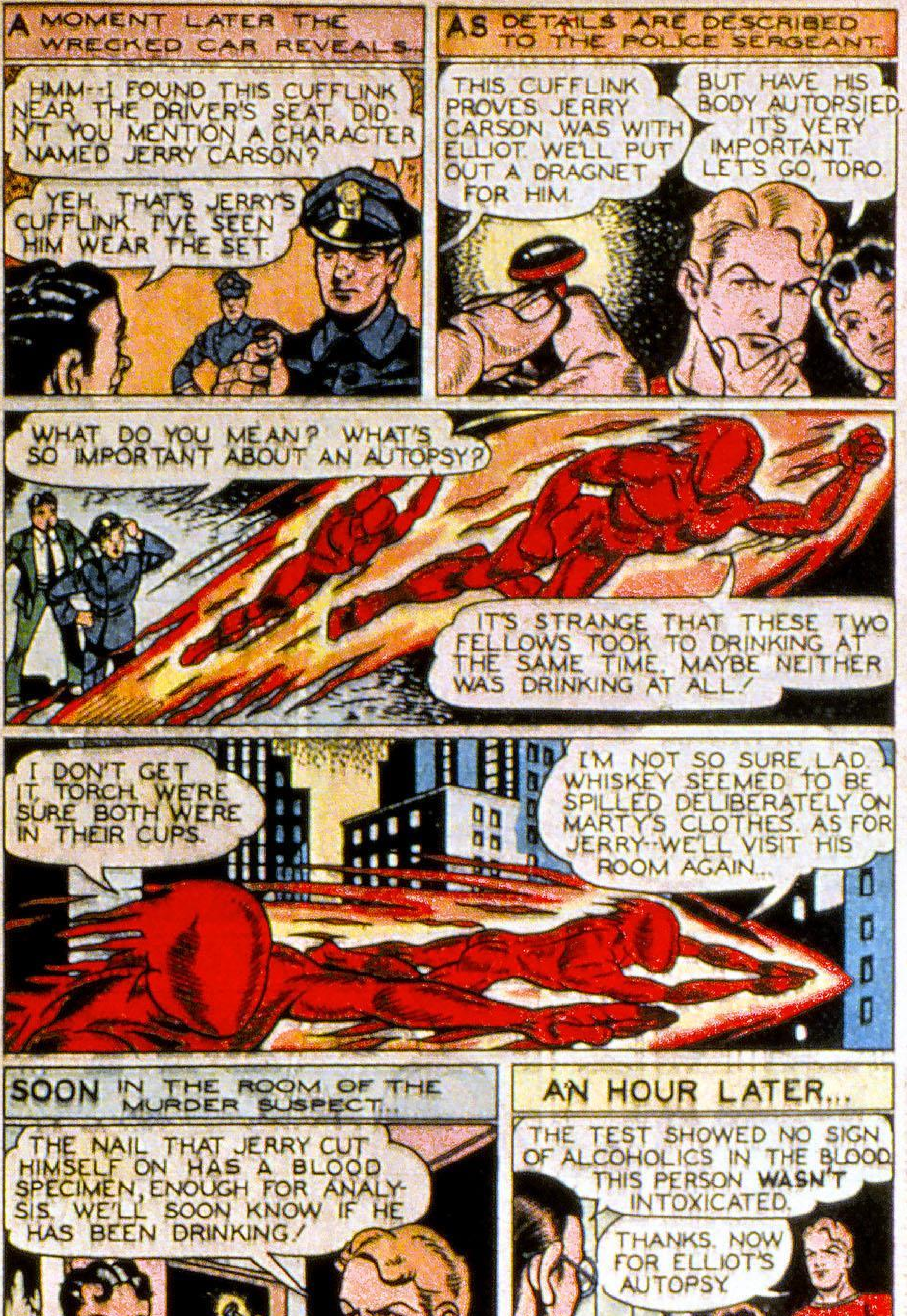

ONE AFTERNOON WHILE TORCH AND TORO INSPECT NEW APPARATUS AT THE FIRE DEPT.
THESE CARBON DIOXIDE TANKS MUST BE VERY EFFECTIVE.
CLANG
CLANG
CARBON DIOXIDE'S AN EFFICIENT FLAME-FIGHTER.
THERE'S THE GONG. NOW WATCH OUR NEW APPARATUS IN ACTION!
IT'S THE KENNY PRECISION TOOL CO.-- ON FIRE!
WE'LL BE SEEING YOU THERE!
IN SPLIT SECONDS OF DAZZLING SPEED...
WE'LL GO RIGHT IN!
THE MAIN FLOOR LAB EXPLODED!
IT'S TORCH AND TORO!
ROCKETING INTO THE FIRE, THE HUMAN FIREBRANDS FLING THEMSELVES AGAINST THE FLAMES IN SWIRLS!
OUR FLAMES ARE ROADBLOCKS FOR THESE!
IT'S NEARLY OUT. OH,OH, I HEAR THE FIRE TRUCKS OUTSIDE...
SOON--
TOO LATE, BOYS! FIRE'S OUT!
THEN EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT! THANK HEAVENS!
WE'LL NEVER GET A CHANCE TO USE OUR NEW EQUIPMENT WITH YOU TWO AROUND!
I'M LYDIA KENNY, OWNER-MANAGER. I MUST KNOW WHAT CAUSED THIS FIRE. THE CHEMIST WHO USES THIS LAB LEFT JUST BEFORE THE FIRE...HE'S TAKEN TO DRINK.
AND DRINK CERTAINLY LEADS TO CARELESSNESS!

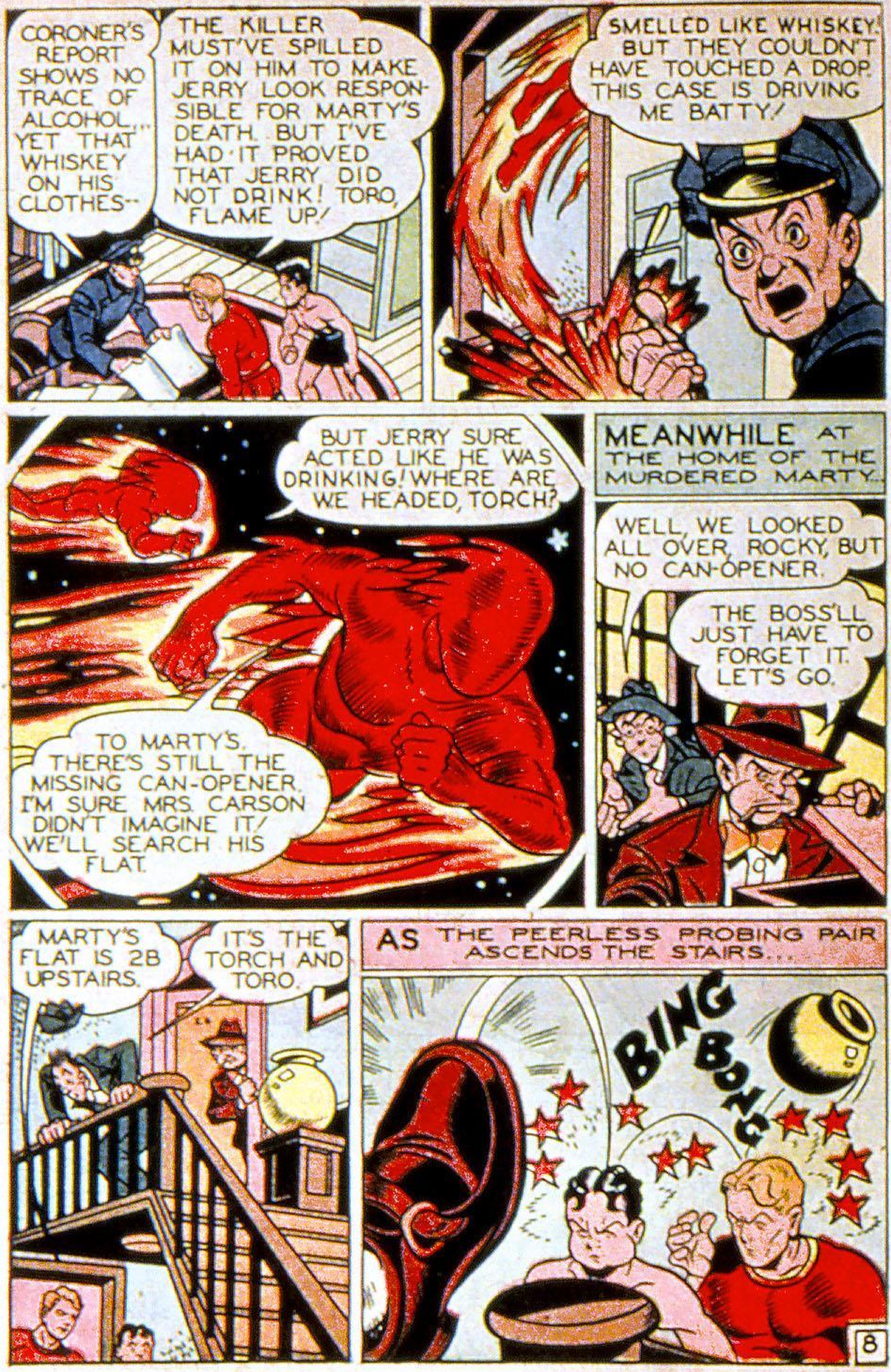

TORO AND I NOTICED CHEMICALS SPILLED OVER THE FLOOR. POSSIBLY THIS CAUSED THE EXPLOSION! WHO'S YOUR CHEMIST?
JERRY CARSON A PSYCHO-NEUROTIC WAR VETERAN. BUT HE SAID HE WAS OKAY NOW.
HOWEVER, THE LAST FEW DAYS HE'S BEEN DRINKING HEAVILY--OF COURSE I CAN'T KEEP HIM AFTER THIS.
SOUNDS LIKE HE'S CRACKING UP. SOMETHING'S DISTURBING HIM. I'D LIKE TO TALK TO HIM.
I TRIED TO FIND OUT WHAT WAS WRONG BUT COULDN'T.
IF HE NEEDS MEDICAL ATTENTION OR HE'S IN A JAM, WE SHOULD HELP! WHERE DOES HE LIVE, MISS KENNY?
85 HIGHLAND STREET YOU SAY. WE'RE GOING RIGHT OVER.
GOOD. I'LL DRIVE OVER, TOO!
AT 85 HIGHLAND STREET TORCH RINGS THE BELL--
I'M JERRY'S MOTHER--HE'S NOT AT HOME! GOOD DAY.
EH? WAIT. HE'S IN TROUBLE..... WE WANT TO HELP. MAYBE YOU COULD TELL---
BOOM-DE-AY-SHOW-ME-WAY-GO..
ISN'T THAT JERRY SINGING?
YES! I DIDN'T WANT ANYONE TO SEE HIM--HE NEVER TOUCHED A DROP UNTIL TWO DAYS AGO--AND LAST NIGHT THE CAN-OPENER..
CAN-OPENER?

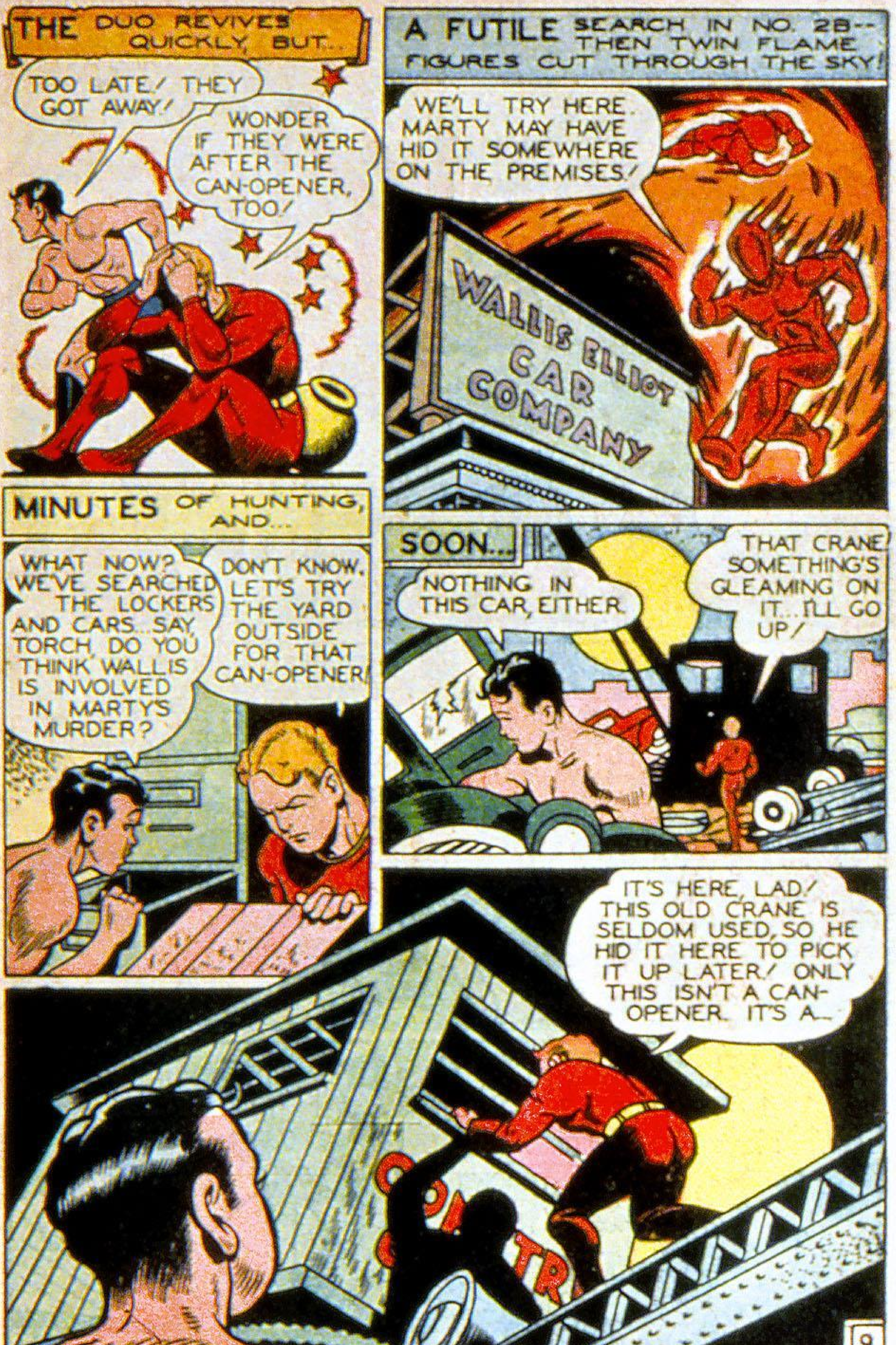

THAT WAS THE QUEEREST THING OF ALL. HE BROUGHT HOME A CAN-OPENER 2 FEET HIGH! I'M AFRAID IT'S THE WAR STRAIN.
STILL THIS IS A STRANGE WAY TO REACT...
JERRY, SOME FRIENDS ARE HERE TO SEE YOU.
A DOCTOR HUH? I HAD ENOUGH OF DOCS...I WON'T SEE HIM!
A SUDDEN FRENZIED MOVE...
GO AWAY! GET OUT!
LOOK OUT!
JERRY!
QUICKLY...
MUS' GET AWAY FROM THEM. OOP... CUT FINGER ON NAIL...
WHILE AT THE SAME TIME
THAT WAS CLOSE!
OH!
?
AS I WALKED IN, THAT ASH-TRAY STRUCK ME. I'M ALL RIGHT NOW. WHERE'S JERRY?
HE'S RUN OUT! FLAME UP, TORO. WE'RE GOING OUT!

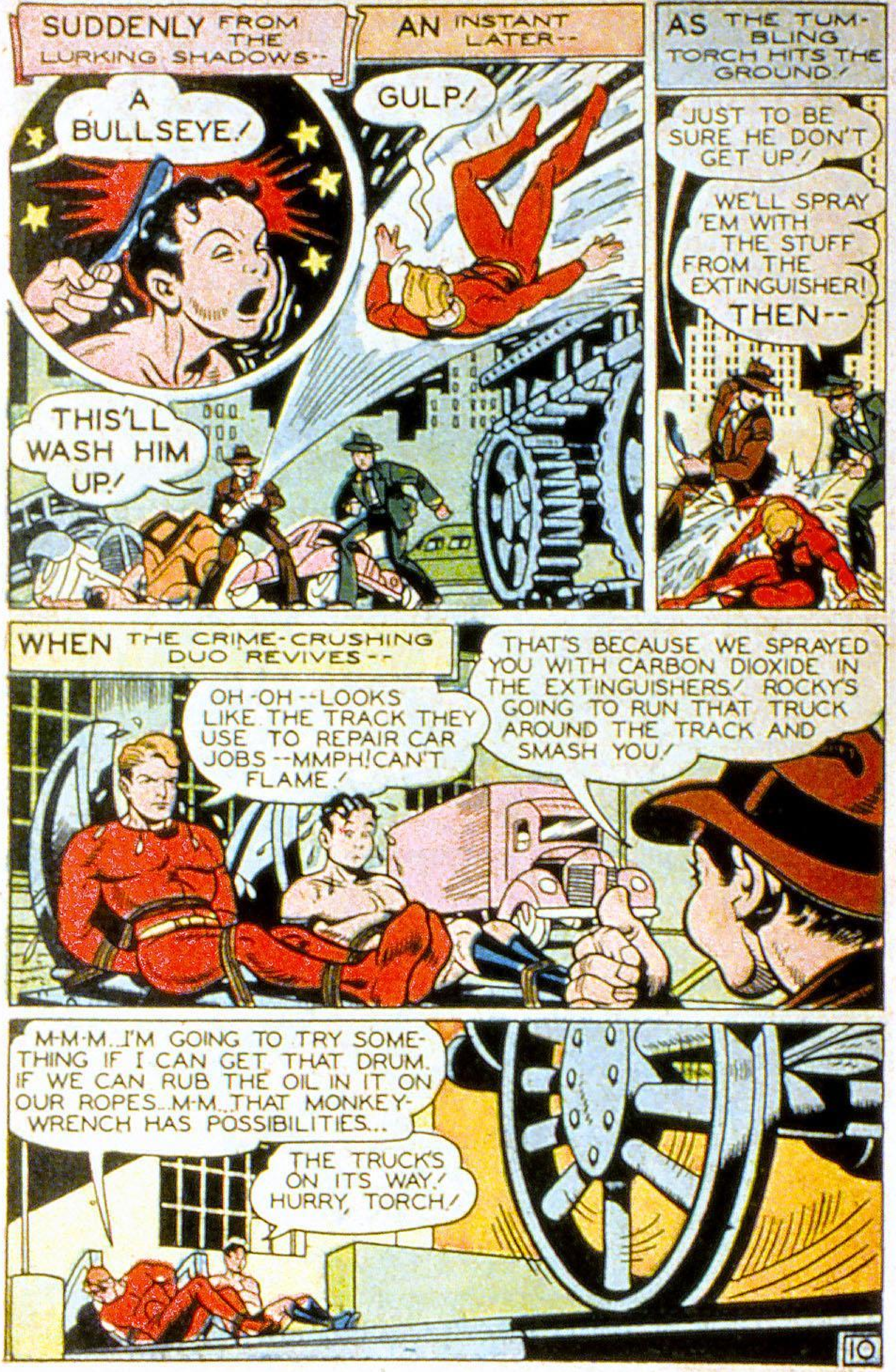

NO SIGN OF HIM! WHERE'D HE GO? WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HIM?
THE $64 QUESTION! HE'S SURE IN A HURRY. CUT HIMSELF ON A NAIL... LET'S GO BACK TO MRS. CARSON.
MISS KENNY LEFT FOR HOME AFTER SAYING SHE'D GIVE HIM ONE MORE CHANCE ON THE JOB IF HIS TROUBLE IS CLEARED UP. WHAT BROUGHT IT ON?
I DON'T KNOW, BUT I WANT TO SEE THAT CAN-OPENER.
JERRY PUT IT HERE LAST NIGHT. OH, IT'S GONE!
GONE? VERY CURIOUS... MRS. CARSON, DID HE HAVE SOMEONE IN WHOM HE CONFIDED?
YES, A SCHOOL CHUM-- MARTY ELLIOT. HE LIVES JUST A FEW BLOCKS FROM HERE AT 824 HIGHLAND.
WE'LL GO RIGHT OVER.
LIGHTNING SECONDS LATER...
MARTY! MARTY!
THERE'S THE HOUSE. MAYBE THAT'S HIM NOW.

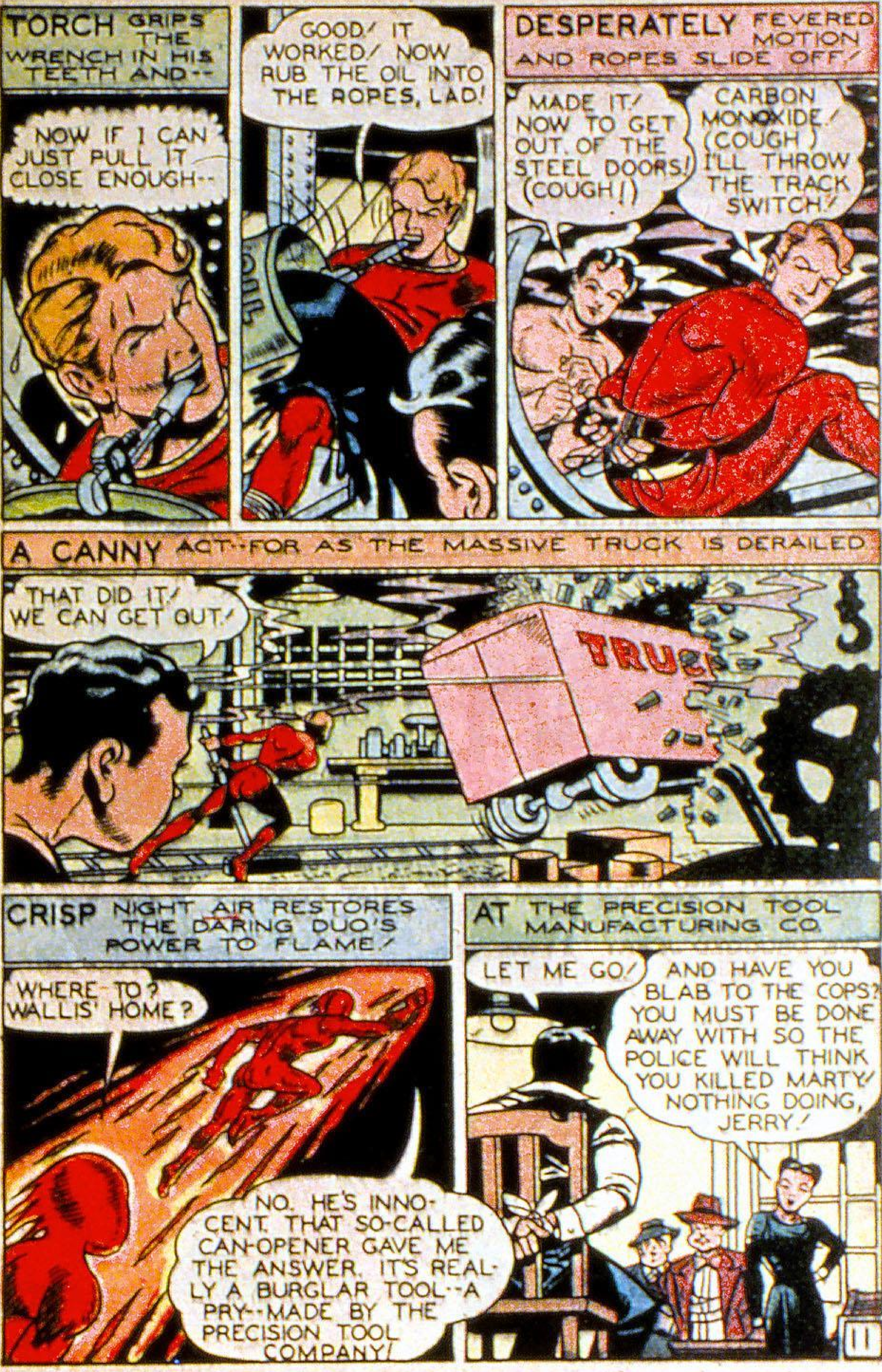

I'M NOT MARTY. I'M HARRY WALLIS HIS PARTNER IN A 2ND HAND AUTO COMPANY. HE'S HARDLY SHOWN UP LATELY AND LEFT AT NOON TODAY. I'M DISGUSTED! SAY, HE'S COMING IN THAT CAR. LOOK AT IT ZIG-ZAG!
SIZZLING SAUCEPANS!
THE NEXT MOMENT~~
AS THE PLUNGING CAR CRASHES, THE FLAME DUO RACES..
HE'S PINIONED UNDER. WE'LL RIGHT THIS IN A JIFFY!
SURE THAT'S MARTY. IS HE--
YES. HE WAS DEAD BEFORE WE GOT HERE. THERE'S A STRONG ODOR OF LIQUOR ON HIM.
BUT MARTY NEVER DRANK! JERRY CARSON MUST'VE GOT HIM TO DRINK. HE CALLED FOR MARTY THIS NOON.
IT'S WHISKEY ALL RIGHT THAT CAUSED THE WRECK.
THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO THINK. LOOK HERE!
THIS GEAR IS LOCKED IN NEUTRAL. IF MARTY WAS DRIVING AT THE TIME OF THE ACCIDENT, IT WOULD'VE BEEN IN HIGH. HE WAS KILLED BEFORE THE CRASH!
YOU MEAN IT WAS MURDER! I'LL GET THE MEDICAL EXAMINER!

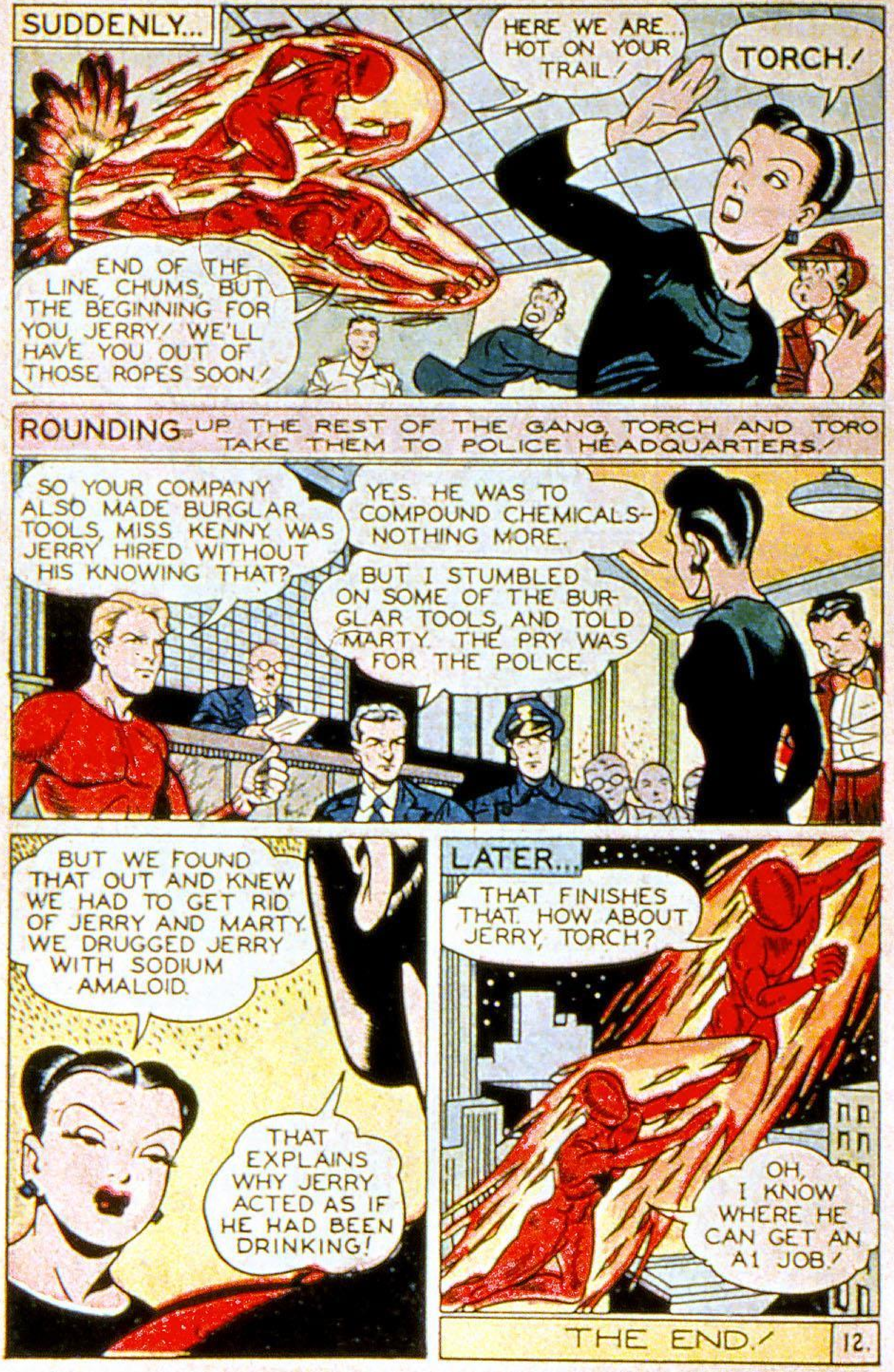

A MOMENT LATER THE WRECKED CAR REVEALS...
HMM--I FOUND THIS CUFFLINK NEAR THE DRIVER'S SEAT. DIDN'T YOU MENTION A CHARACTER NAMED JERRY CARSON?
YEH. THAT'S JERRY'S CUFFLINK. I'VE SEEN HIM WEAR THE SET.
AS DETAILS ARE DESCRIBED TO THE POLICE SERGEANT
THIS CUFFLINK PROVES JERRY CARSON WAS WITH ELLIOT. WE'LL PUT OUT A DRAGNET FOR HIM.
BUT HAVE HIS BODY AUTOPSIED. IT'S VERY IMPORTANT. LET'S GO, TORO.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHAT'S SO IMPORTANT ABOUT AN AUTOPSY?
IT'S STRANGE THAT THESE TWO FELLOWS TOOK TO DRINKING AT THE SAME TIME. MAYBE NEITHER WAS DRINKING AT ALL!
I DON'T GET IT, TORCH. WE'RE SURE BOTH WERE IN THEIR CUPS.
I'M NOT SO SURE, LAD. WHISKEY SEEMED TO BE SPILLED DELIBERATELY ON MARTY'S CLOTHES. AS FOR JERRY--WE'LL VISIT HIS ROOM AGAIN...
SOON IN THE ROOM OF THE MURDER SUSPECT...
THE NAIL THAT JERRY CUT HIMSELF ON HAS A BLOOD SPECIMEN, ENOUGH FOR ANALYSIS. WE'LL SOON KNOW IF HE HAS BEEN DRINKING!
AN HOUR LATER...
THE TEST SHOWED NO SIGN OF ALCOHOLICS IN THE BLOOD. THIS PERSON WASN'T INTOXICATED.
THANKS. NOW FOR ELLIOT'S AUTOPSY.
7

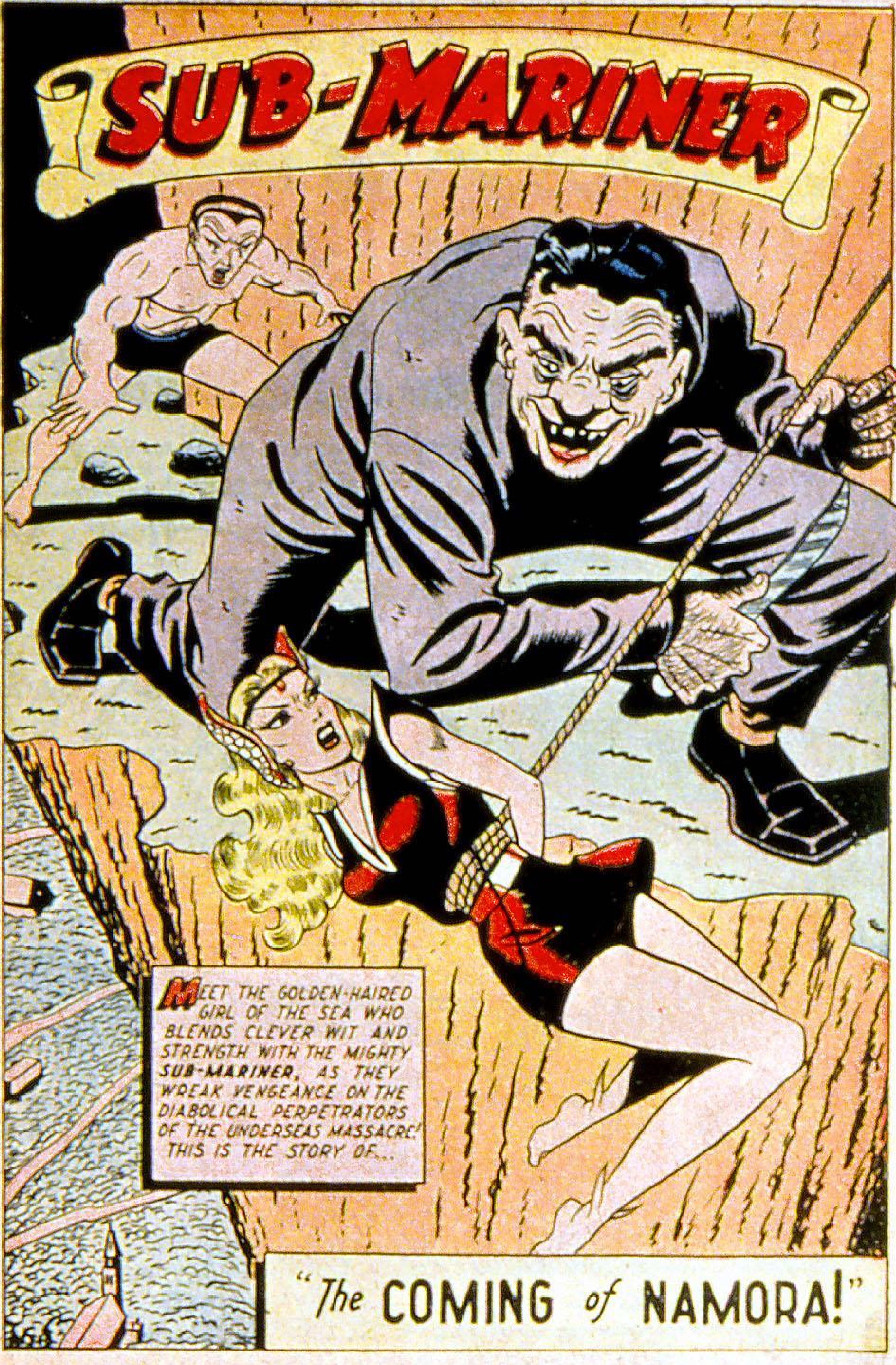

CORONER'S REPORT SHOWS NO TRACE OF ALCOHOL,"' YET THAT WHISKEY ON HIS CLOTHES--
THE KILLER MUST'VE SPILLED IT ON HIM TO MAKE JERRY LOOK RESPONSIBLE FOR MARTY'S DEATH. BUT I'VE HAD IT PROVED THAT JERRY DID NOT DRINK! TORO, FLAME UP!
SMELLED LIKE WHISKEY! BUT THEY COULDN'T HAVE TOUCHED A DROP. THIS CASE IS DRIVING ME BATTY!
BUT JERRY SURE ACTED LIKE HE WAS DRINKING! WHERE ARE WE HEADED, TORCH?
TO MARTY'S. THERE'S STILL THE MISSING CAN-OPENER. I'M SURE MRS. CARSON DIDN'T IMAGINE IT! WE'LL SEARCH HIS FLAT.
MEANWHILE AT THE HOME OF THE MURDERED MARTY...
WELL, WE LOOKED ALL OVER, ROCKY, BUT NO CAN-OPENER.
THE BOSS'LL JUST HAVE TO FORGET IT. LET'S GO.
MARTY'S FLAT IS 2B UPSTAIRS.
IT'S THE TORCH AND TORO.
AS THE PEERLESS PROBING PAIR ASCENDS THE STAIRS...
BING
BONG

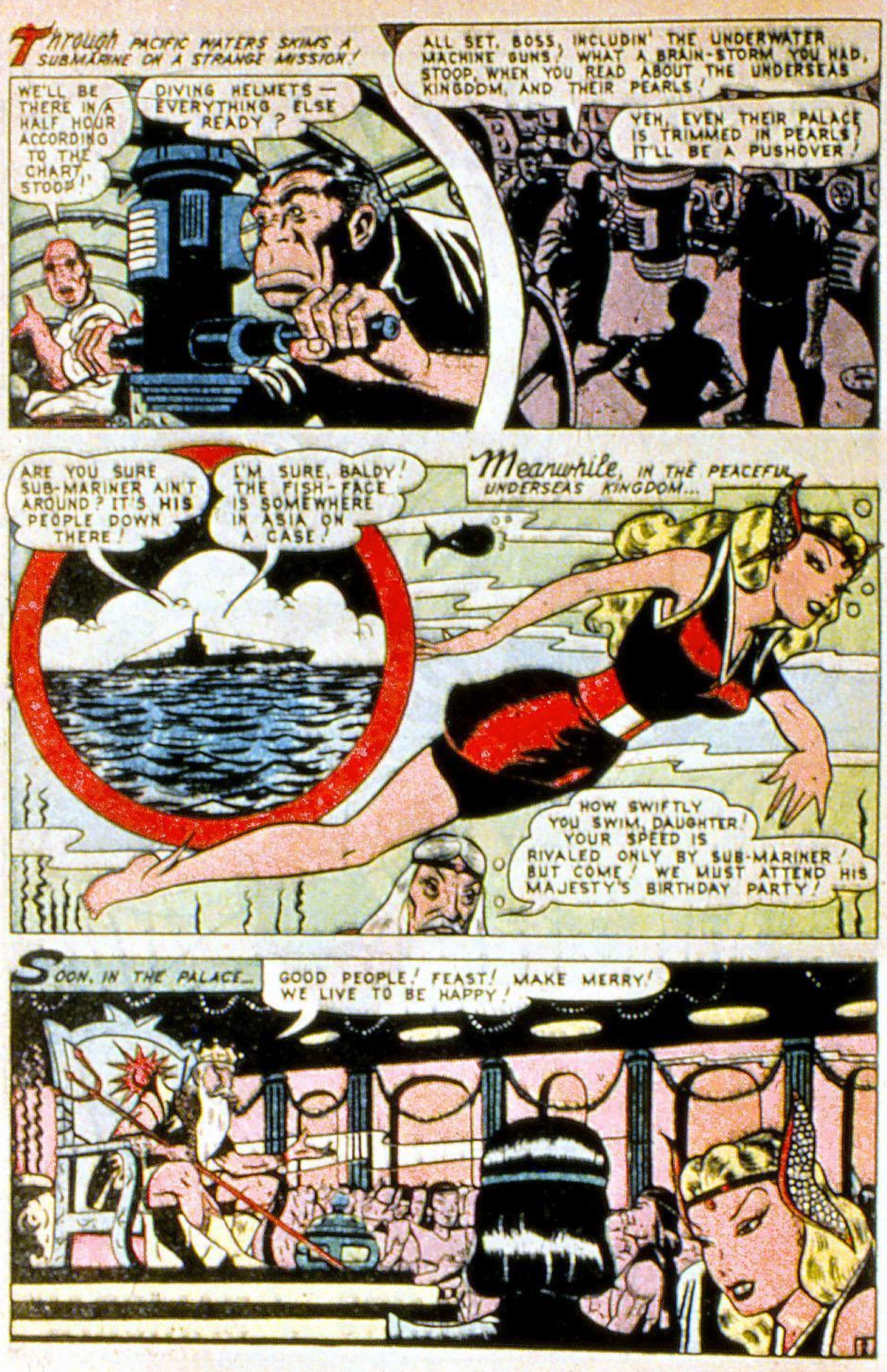

THE DUO REVIVES QUICKLY, BUT...
TOO LATE! THEY GOT AWAY!
WONDER IF THEY WERE AFTER THE CAN-OPENER, TOO!
A FUTILE SEARCH IN NO. 28-- THEN TWIN FLAME FIGURES CUT THROUGH THE SKY!
WE'LL TRY HERE. MARTY MAY HAVE HID IT SOMEWHERE ON THE PREMISES!
WALLIS ELLIOT CAR COMPANY
MINUTES OF HUNTING, AND...
WHAT NOW? WE'VE SEARCHED THE LOCKERS AND CARS...SAY, TORCH, DO YOU THINK WALLIS IS INVOLVED IN MARTY'S MURDER?
DON'T KNOW. LET'S TRY THE YARD OUTSIDE FOR THAT CAN-OPENER!
SOON...
NOTHING IN THIS CAR, EITHER.
THAT CRANE! SOMETHING'S GLEAMING ON IT...I'LL GO UP!
IT'S HERE, LAD! THIS OLD CRANE IS SELDOM USED, SO HE HID IT HERE TO PICK IT UP LATER! ONLY THIS ISN'T A CAN-OPENER. IT'S A...

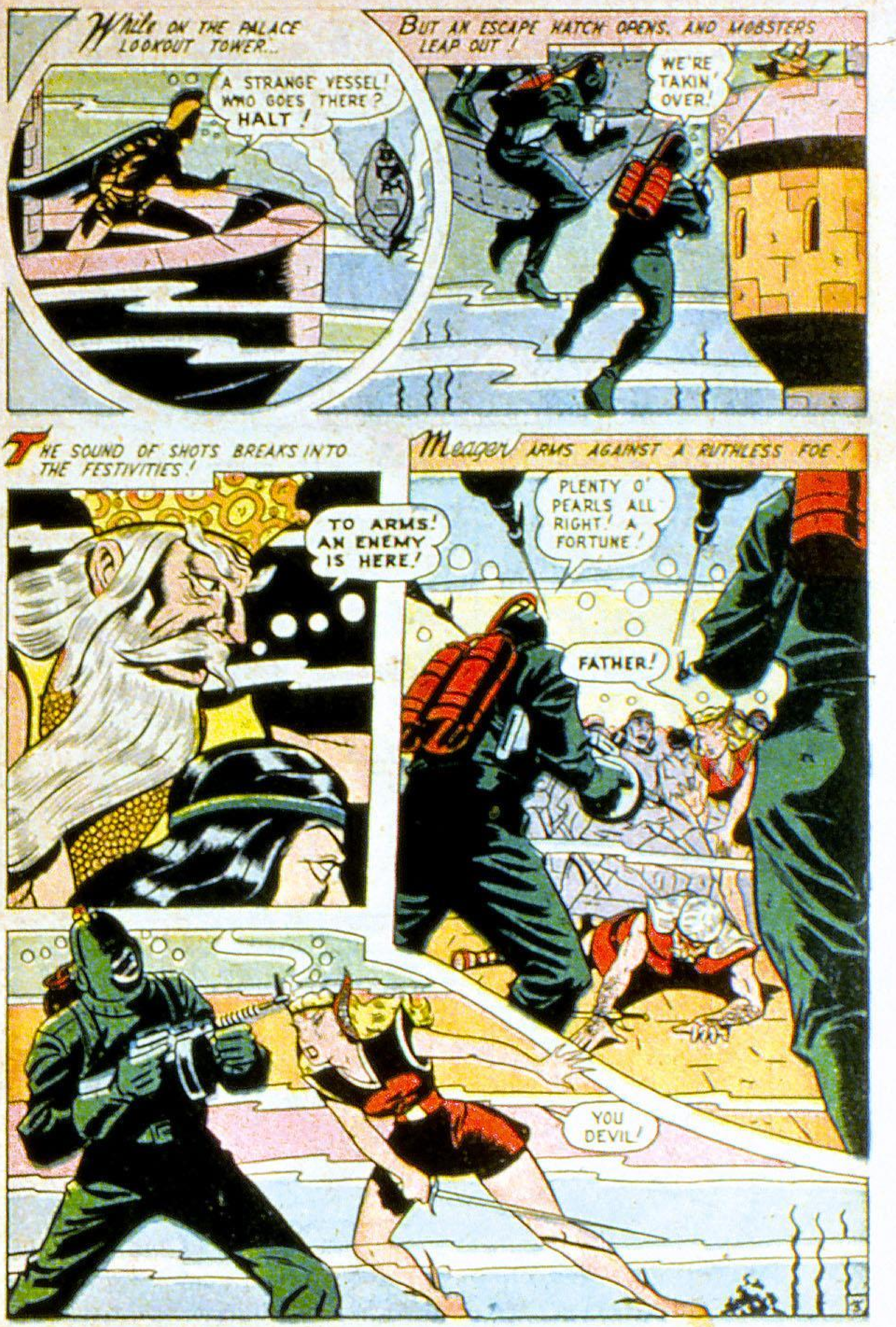

SUDDENLY FROM THE LURKING SHADOWS--
A BULLSEYE!
THIS'LL WASH HIM UP!
AN INSTANT LATER--
GULP!
AS THE TUMBLING TORCH HITS THE GROUND!
JUST TO BE SURE HE DON'T GET UP!
WE'LL SPRAY 'EM WITH THE STUFF FROM THE EXTINGUISHER! THEN--
WHEN THE CRIME-CRUSHING DUO REVIVES--
OH-OH--LOOKS LIKE THE TRACK THEY USE TO REPAIR CAR JOBS--MMPH! CAN'T FLAME!
THAT'S BECAUSE WE SPRAYED YOU WITH CARBON DIOXIDE IN THE EXTINGUISHERS! ROCKY'S GOING TO RUN THAT TRUCK AROUND THE TRACK AND SMASH YOU!
M-M-M...I'M GOING TO TRY SOMETHING IF I CAN GET THAT DRUM. IF WE CAN RUB THE OIL IN IT ON OUR ROPES...M-M...THAT MONKEY-WRENCH HAS POSSIBILITIES...
THE TRUCK'S ON ITS WAY! HURRY, TORCH!

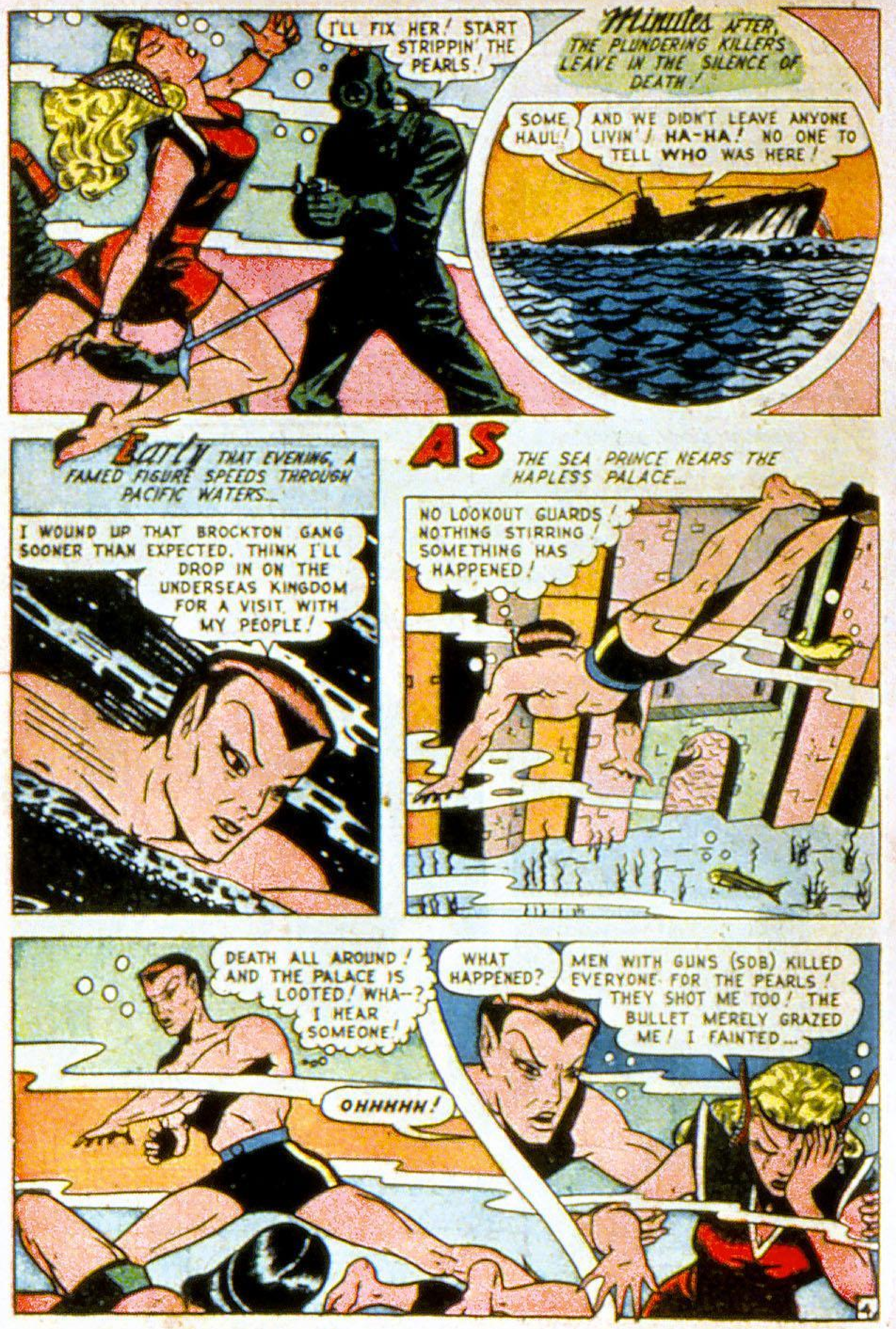

TORCH GRIPS THE WRENCH IN HIS TEETH AND--
NOW IF I CAN JUST PULL IT CLOSE ENOUGH--
GOOD! IT WORKED! NOW RUB THE OIL INTO THE ROPES, LAD!
OIL
DESPERATELY FEVERED MOTION AND ROPES SLIDE OFF!
MADE IT! NOW TO GET OUT OF THE STEEL DOORS! (COUGH!)
CARBON MONOXIDE! (COUGH) I'LL THROW THE TRACK SWITCH!
A CANNY ACT--FOR AS THE MASSIVE TRUCK IS DERAILED
THAT DID IT! WE CAN GET OUT!
TRUC
CRISP NIGHT AIR RESTORES THE DARING DUO'S POWER TO FLAME!
WHERE TO? WALLIS' HOME?
NO. HE'S INNOCENT. THAT SO-CALLED CAN-OPENER GAVE ME THE ANSWER. IT'S REALLY A BURGLAR TOOL--A PRY--MADE BY THE PRECISION TOOL COMPANY!
AT THE PRECISION TOOL MANUFACTURING CO.
LET ME GO!
AND HAVE YOU BLAB TO THE COPS? YOU MUST BE DONE AWAY WITH SO THE POLICE WILL THINK YOU KILLED MARTY! NOTHING DOING, JERRY!

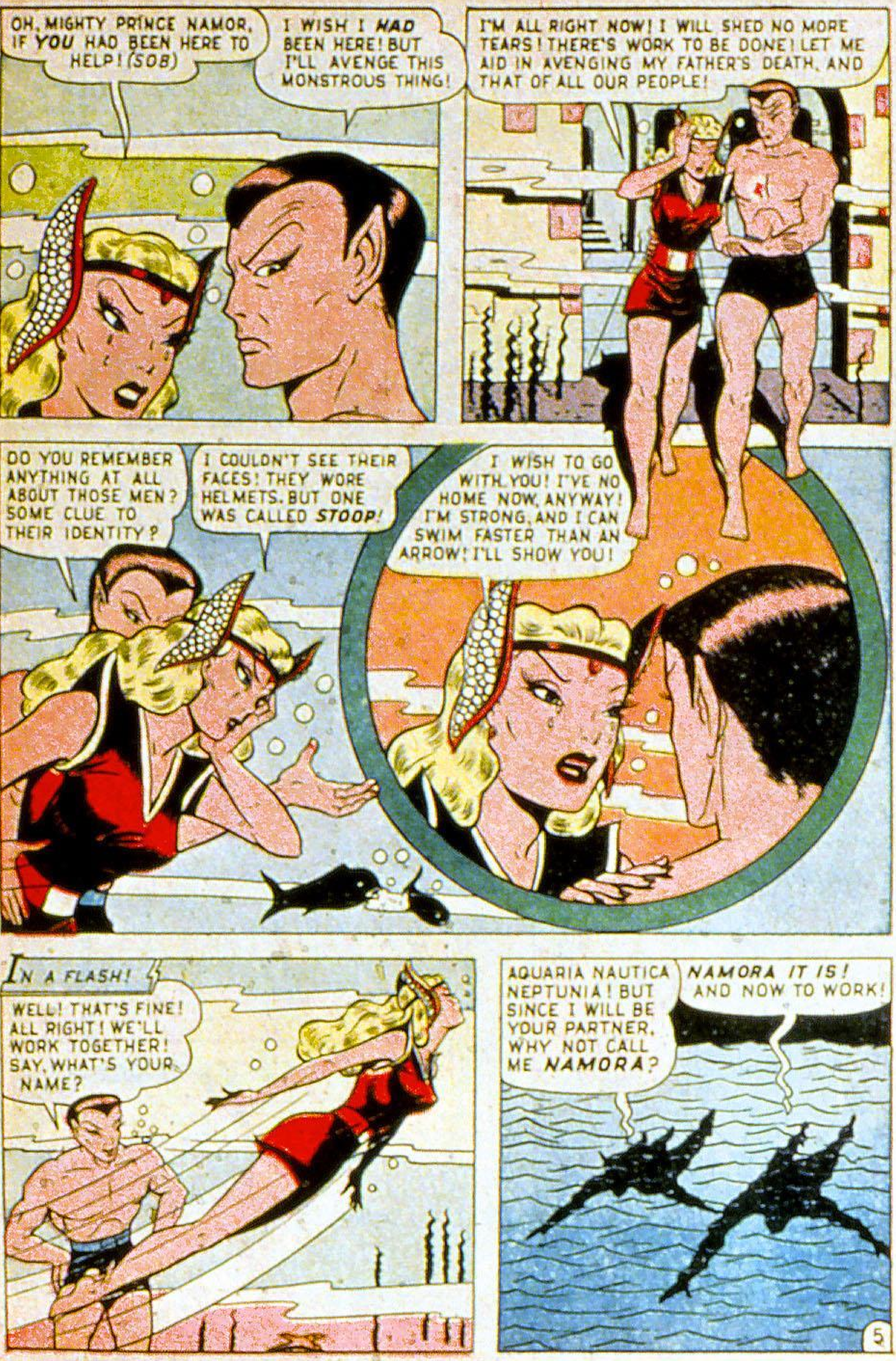

SUDDENLY...
HERE WE ARE... HOT ON YOUR TRAIL!
TORCH!
END OF THE LINE, CHUMS, BUT THE BEGINNING FOR YOU, JERRY! WE'LL HAVE YOU OUT OF THOSE ROPES SOON!
ROUNDING UP THE REST OF THE GANG, TORCH AND TORO TAKE THEM TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS!
SO YOUR COMPANY ALSO MADE BURGLAR TOOLS, MISS KENNY. WAS JERRY HIRED WITHOUT HIS KNOWING THAT?
YES. HE WAS TO COMPOUND CHEMICALS-- NOTHING MORE.
BUT I STUMBLED ON SOME OF THE BURGLAR TOOLS, AND TOLD MARTY. THE PRY WAS FOR THE POLICE.
BUT WE FOUND THAT OUT AND KNEW WE HAD TO GET RID OF JERRY AND MARTY. WE DRUGGED JERRY WITH SODIUM AMALOID.
THAT EXPLAINS WHY JERRY ACTED AS IF HE HAD BEEN DRINKING!
LATER...
THAT FINISHES THAT. HOW ABOUT JERRY, TORCH?
OH, I KNOW WHERE HE CAN GET AN A1 JOB!
THE END!

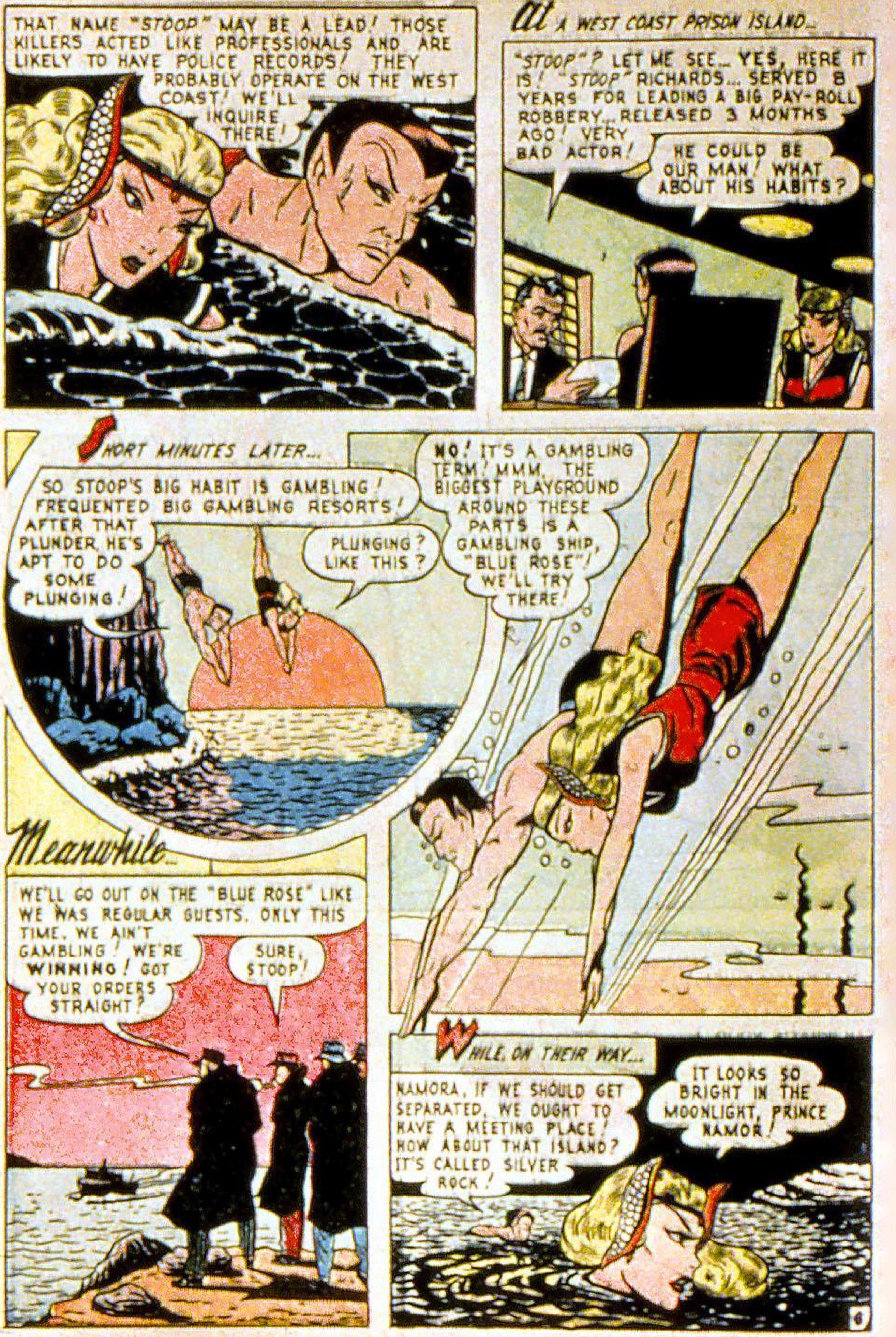

SUB-MARINER
MEET THE GOLDEN-HAIRED GIRL OF THE SEA WHO BLENDS CLEVER WIT AND STRENGTH WITH THE MIGHTY **SUB-MARINER**, AS THEY WREAK VENGEANCE ON THE DIABOLICAL PERPETRATORS OF THE UNDERSEAS MASSACRE! THIS IS THE STORY OF...
"The COMING of NAMORA!"

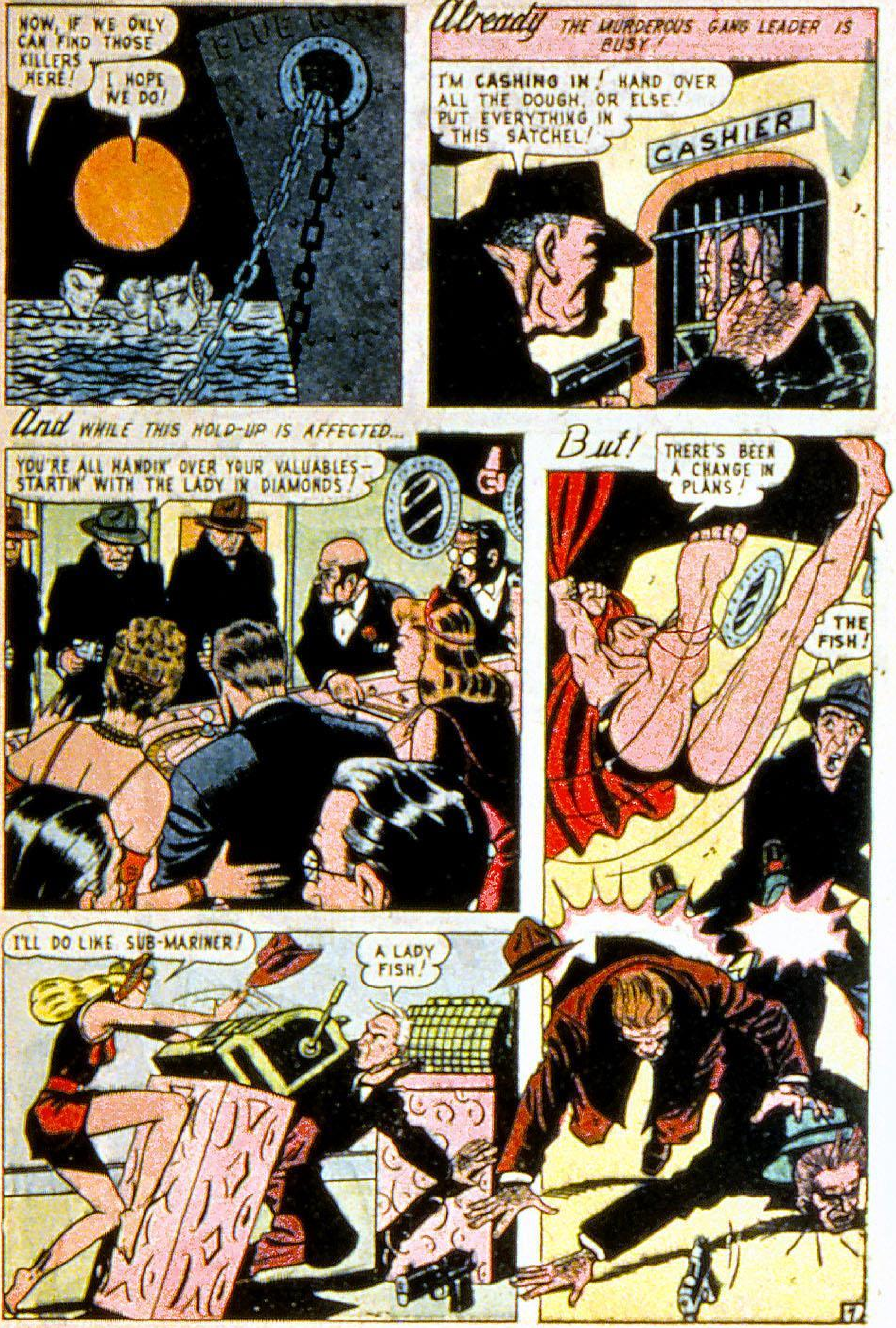

Through PACIFIC WATERS SKIMS A SUBMARINE ON A STRANGE MISSION!
WE'LL BE THERE IN A HALF HOUR ACCORDING TO THE CHART, STOOP!
DIVING HELMETS— EVERYTHING ELSE READY?
ALL SET, BOSS, INCLUDIN' THE UNDERWATER MACHINE GUNS! WHAT A BRAIN-STORM YOU HAD, STOOP, WHEN YOU READ ABOUT THE UNDERSEAS KINGDOM, AND THEIR PEARLS!
YEH, EVEN THEIR PALACE IS TRIMMED IN PEARLS! IT'LL BE A PUSHOVER!
ARE YOU SURE SUB-MARINER AIN'T AROUND? IT'S HIS PEOPLE DOWN THERE!
I'M SURE, BALDY! THE FISH-FACE IS SOMEWHERE IN ASIA ON A CASE!
Meanwhile, IN THE PEACEFUL UNDERSEAS KINGDOM...
HOW SWIFTLY YOU SWIM, DAUGHTER! YOUR SPEED IS RIVALED ONLY BY SUB-MARINER! BUT COME! WE MUST ATTEND HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTHDAY PARTY!
Soon, IN THE PALACE...
GOOD PEOPLE! FEAST! MAKE MERRY! WE LIVE TO BE HAPPY!

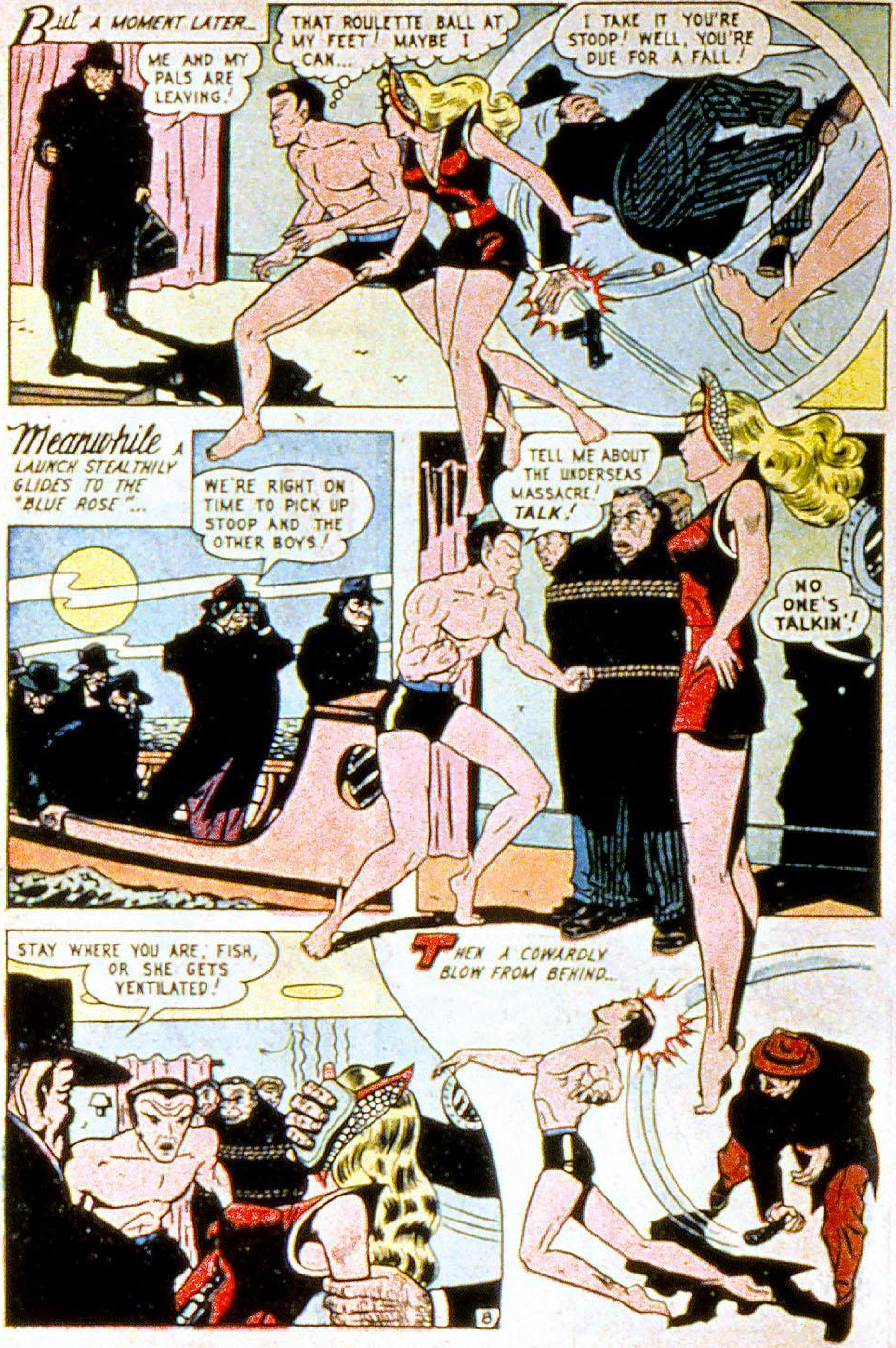

While on the palace lookout tower...
A STRANGE VESSEL! WHO GOES THERE? HALT!
BUT AN ESCAPE HATCH OPENS, AND MOBSTERS LEAP OUT!
WE'RE TAKIN' OVER!
THE SOUND OF SHOTS BREAKS INTO THE FESTIVITIES!
TO ARMS! AN ENEMY IS HERE!
Meager ARMS AGAINST A RUTHLESS FOE!
PLENTY O' PEARLS ALL RIGHT! A FORTUNE!
FATHER!
YOU DEVIL!

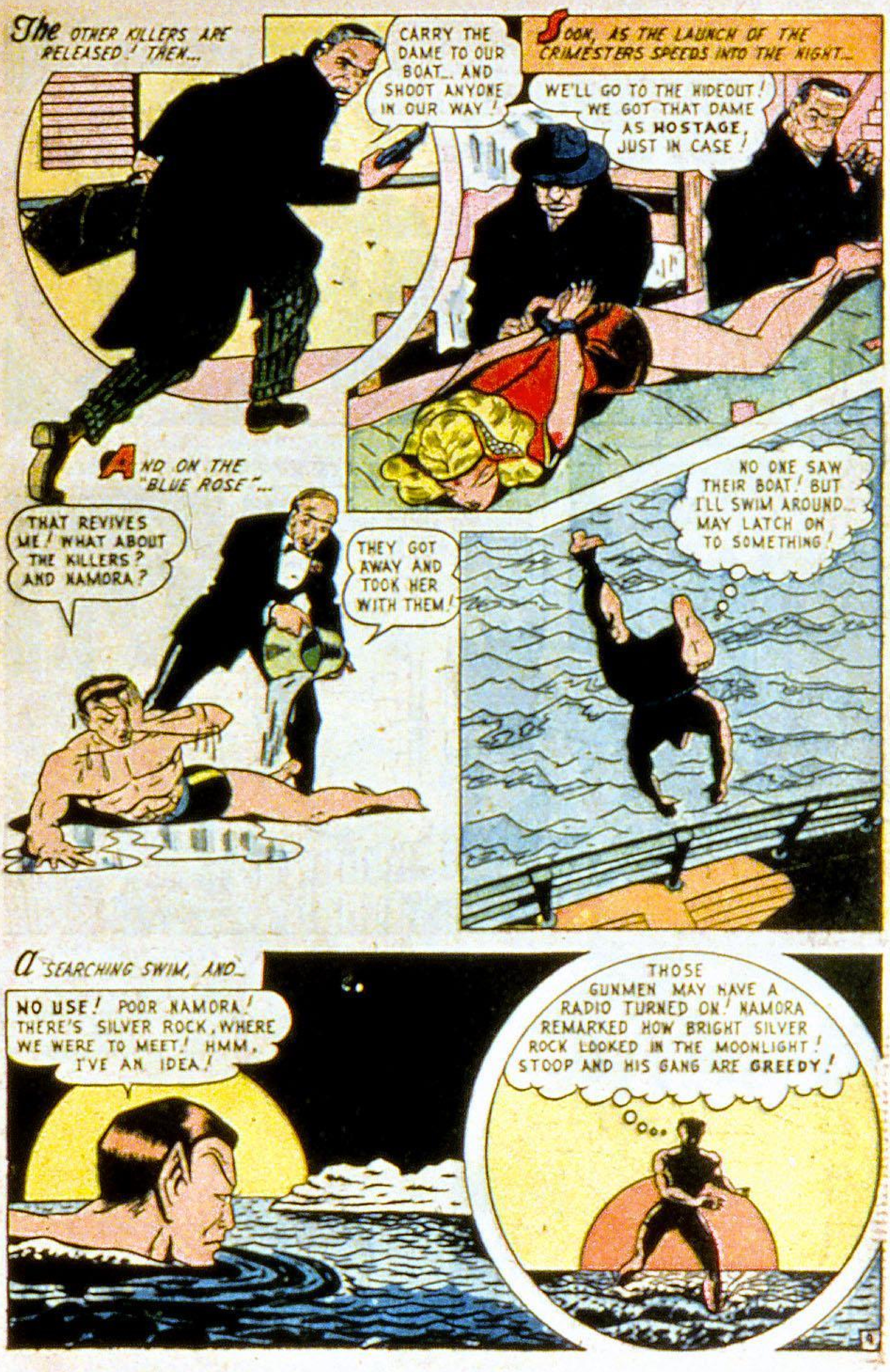

I'LL FIX HER! START STRIPPIN' THE PEARLS!
MINUTES AFTER, THE PLUNDERING KILLERS LEAVE IN THE SILENCE OF DEATH!
SOME HAUL!
AND WE DIDN'T LEAVE ANYONE LIVIN'! HA-HA! NO ONE TO TELL WHO WAS HERE!
EARLY THAT EVENING, A FAMED FIGURE SPEEDS THROUGH PACIFIC WATERS...
I WOUND UP THAT BROCKTON GANG SOONER THAN EXPECTED. THINK I'LL DROP IN ON THE UNDERSEAS KINGDOM FOR A VISIT WITH MY PEOPLE!
AS THE SEA PRINCE NEARS THE HAPLESS PALACE...
NO LOOKOUT GUARDS! NOTHING STIRRING! SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED!
DEATH ALL AROUND! AND THE PALACE IS LOOTED! WHA--? I HEAR SOMEONE!
OHHHHH!
WHAT HAPPENED?
MEN WITH GUNS (SOB) KILLED EVERYONE FOR THE PEARLS! THEY SHOT ME TOO! THE BULLET MERELY GRAZED ME! I FAINTED...

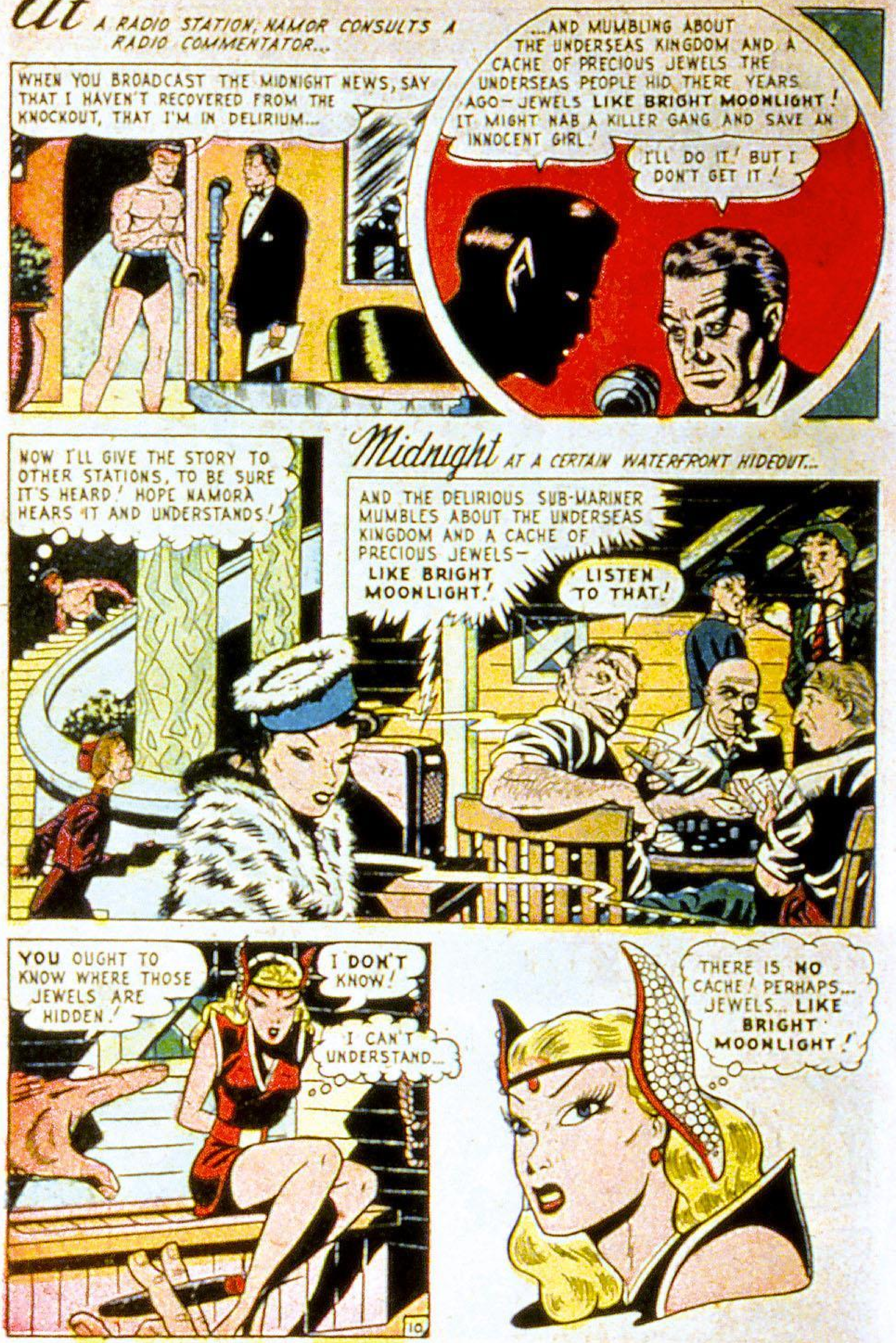

OH, MIGHTY PRINCE NAMOR, IF *YOU* HAD BEEN HERE TO HELP! *(SOB)*
I WISH I ***HAD*** BEEN HERE! BUT I'LL AVENGE THIS MONSTROUS THING!
I'M ALL RIGHT NOW! I WILL SHED NO MORE TEARS! THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE! LET ME AID IN AVENGING MY FATHER'S DEATH, AND THAT OF ALL OUR PEOPLE!
DO YOU REMEMBER ANYTHING AT ALL ABOUT THOSE MEN? SOME CLUE TO THEIR IDENTITY?
I COULDN'T SEE THEIR FACES! THEY WORE HELMETS. BUT ONE WAS CALLED ***STOOP!***
I WISH TO GO WITH YOU! I'VE NO HOME NOW, ANYWAY! I'M STRONG, AND I CAN SWIM FASTER THAN AN ARROW! I'LL SHOW YOU!
IN A FLASH!
WELL! THAT'S FINE! ALL RIGHT! WE'LL WORK TOGETHER! SAY, WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
AQUARIA NAUTICA NEPTUNIA! BUT SINCE I WILL BE YOUR PARTNER, WHY NOT CALL ME ***NAMORA?***
NAMORA IT IS! AND NOW TO WORK!

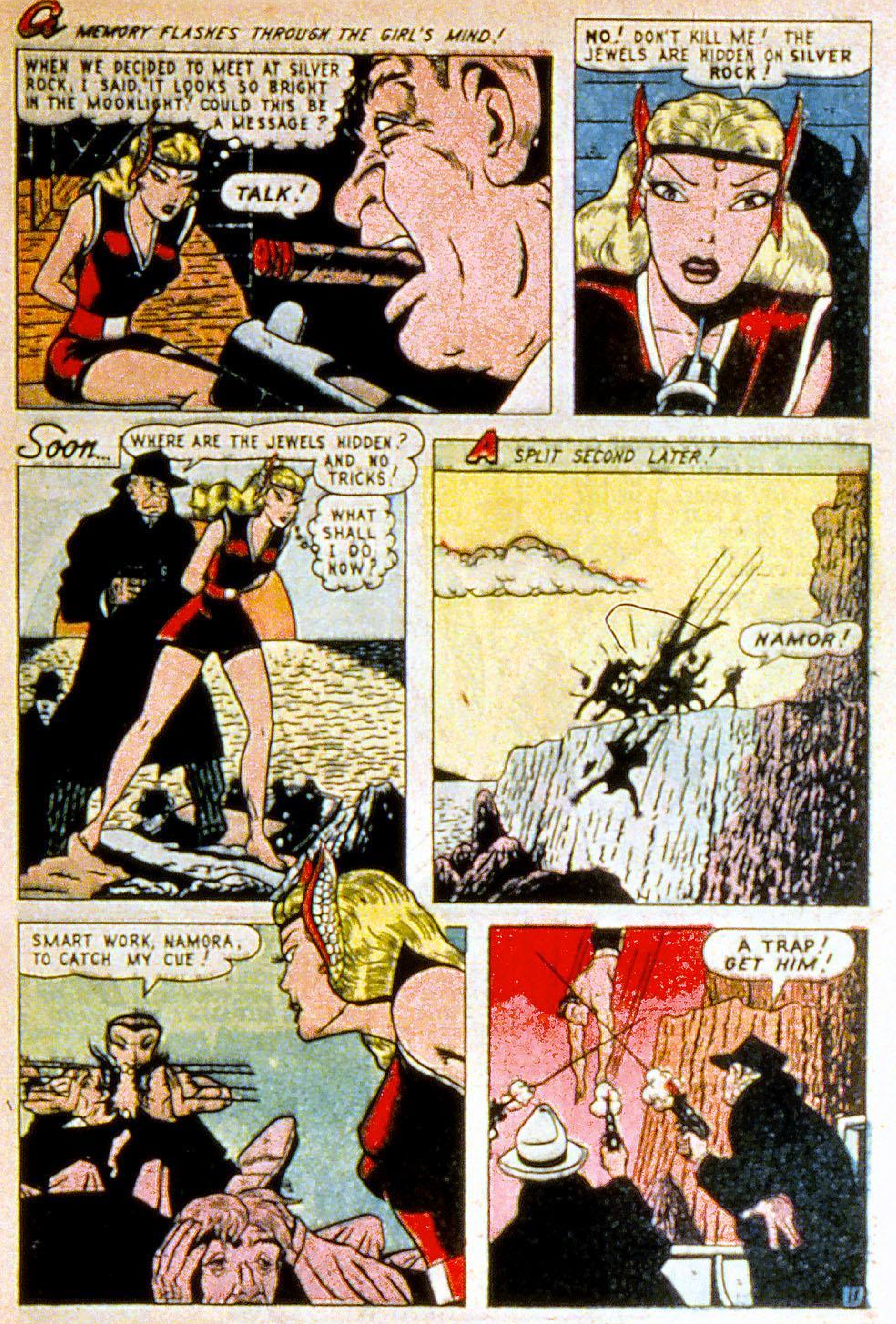

THAT NAME "STOOP" MAY BE A LEAD! THOSE KILLERS ACTED LIKE PROFESSIONALS AND ARE LIKELY TO HAVE POLICE RECORDS! THEY PROBABLY OPERATE ON THE WEST COAST! WE'LL INQUIRE THERE!
At A WEST COAST PRISON ISLAND–
"STOOP"? LET ME SEE... YES, HERE IT IS! "STOOP" RICHARDS... SERVED 8 YEARS FOR LEADING A BIG PAY-ROLL ROBBERY... RELEASED 3 MONTHS AGO! VERY BAD ACTOR!
HE COULD BE OUR MAN! WHAT ABOUT HIS HABITS?
SHORT MINUTES LATER...
SO STOOP'S BIG HABIT IS GAMBLING! FREQUENTED BIG GAMBLING RESORTS! AFTER THAT PLUNDER HE'S APT TO DO SOME PLUNGING!
PLUNGING? LIKE THIS?
NO! IT'S A GAMBLING TERM! MMM, THE BIGGEST PLAYGROUND AROUND THESE PARTS IS A GAMBLING SHIP, "BLUE ROSE"! WE'LL TRY THERE!
Meanwhile...
WE'LL GO OUT ON THE "BLUE ROSE" LIKE WE WAS REGULAR GUESTS. ONLY THIS TIME, WE AIN'T GAMBLING! WE'RE WINNING! GOT YOUR ORDERS STRAIGHT?
SURE, STOOP!
WHILE, ON THEIR WAY...
NAMORA, IF WE SHOULD GET SEPARATED, WE OUGHT TO HAVE A MEETING PLACE! HOW ABOUT THAT ISLAND? IT'S CALLED SILVER ROCK!
IT LOOKS SO BRIGHT IN THE MOONLIGHT, PRINCE NAMOR!

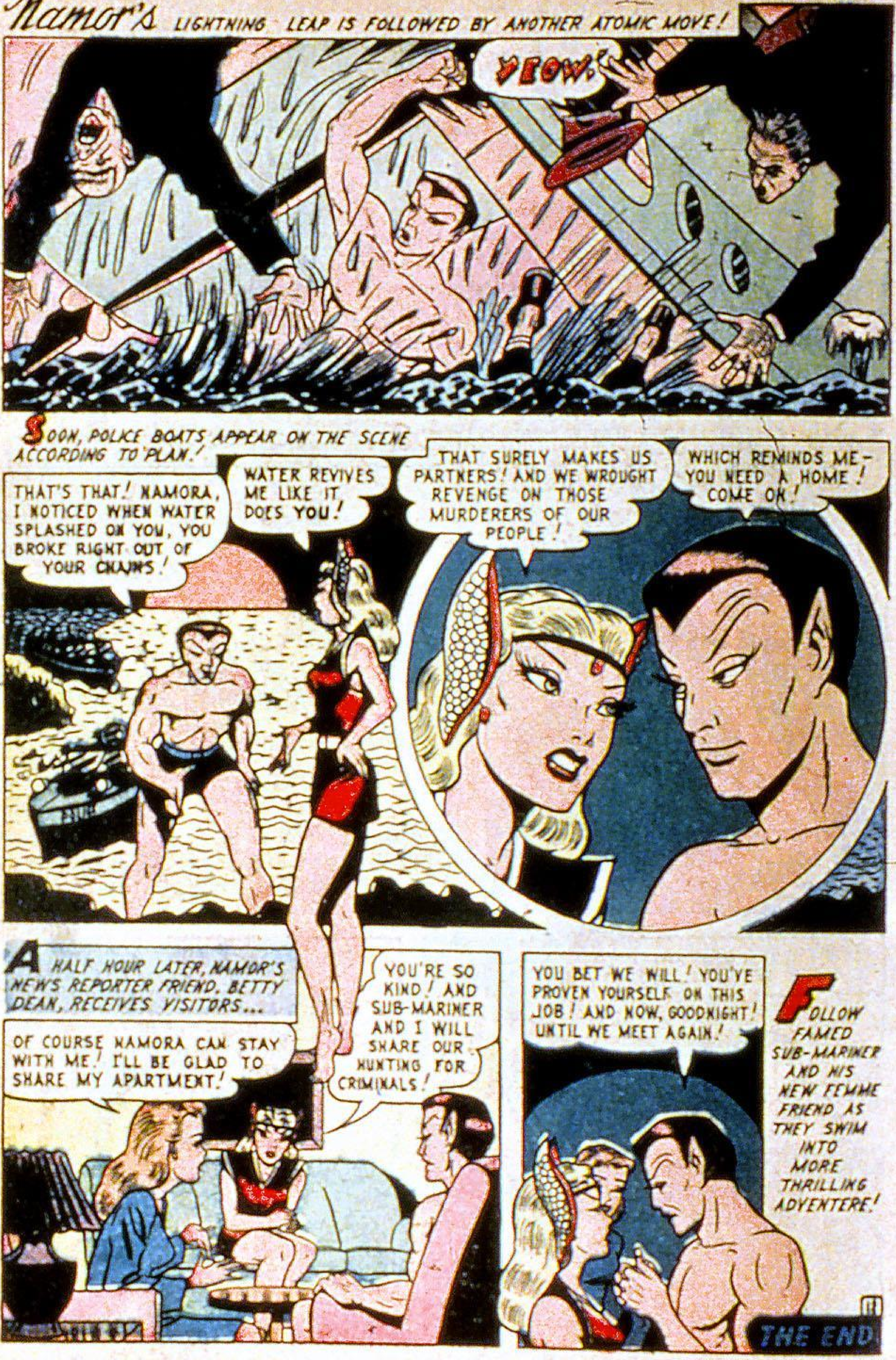

NOW, IF WE ONLY CAN FIND THOSE KILLERS HERE!
I HOPE WE DO!
BLUE RO
Already THE MURDEROUS GANG LEADER IS BUSY!
I'M CASHING IN! HAND OVER ALL THE DOUGH, OR ELSE! PUT EVERYTHING IN THIS SATCHEL!
CASHIER
And WHILE THIS HOLD-UP IS AFFECTED...
YOU'RE ALL HANDIN' OVER YOUR VALUABLES— STARTIN' WITH THE LADY IN DIAMONDS!
But!
THERE'S BEEN A CHANGE IN PLANS!
THE FISH!
I'LL DO LIKE SUB-MARINER!
A LADY FISH!


But a moment later...
Me and my pals are leaving!
That roulette ball at my feet! Maybe I can...
I take it you're Stoop! Well, you're due for a fall!
Meanwhile a launch stealthily glides to the "Blue Rose"...
We're right on time to pick up Stoop and the other boys!
Tell me about the underseas massacre! Talk!
No one's talkin'!
Stay where you are, fish, or she gets ventilated!
Then a cowardly blow from behind...


The other killers are released! Then...
CARRY THE DAME TO OUR BOAT... AND SHOOT ANYONE IN OUR WAY!
Soon, as the launch of the crimesters speeds into the night...
WE'LL GO TO THE HIDEOUT! WE GOT THAT DAME AS HOSTAGE, JUST IN CASE!
And on the "Blue Rose"...
THAT REVIVES ME! WHAT ABOUT THE KILLERS? AND NAMORA?
THEY GOT AWAY AND TOOK HER WITH THEM!
NO ONE SAW THEIR BOAT! BUT I'LL SWIM AROUND... MAY LATCH ON TO SOMETHING!
A searching swim, and...
NO USE! POOR NAMORA! THERE'S SILVER ROCK, WHERE WE WERE TO MEET! HMM, I'VE AN IDEA!
THOSE GUNMEN MAY HAVE A RADIO TURNED ON! NAMORA REMARKED HOW BRIGHT SILVER ROCK LOOKED IN THE MOONLIGHT! STOOP AND HIS GANG ARE GREEDY!


At a radio station, Namor consults a radio commentator...
WHEN YOU BROADCAST THE MIDNIGHT NEWS, SAY THAT I HAVEN'T RECOVERED FROM THE KNOCKOUT, THAT I'M IN DELIRIUM...
...AND MUMBLING ABOUT THE UNDERSEAS KINGDOM AND A CACHE OF PRECIOUS JEWELS THE UNDERSEAS PEOPLE HID THERE YEARS AGO—JEWELS LIKE BRIGHT MOONLIGHT! IT MIGHT NAB A KILLER GANG AND SAVE AN INNOCENT GIRL!
I'LL DO IT! BUT I DON'T GET IT!
NOW I'LL GIVE THE STORY TO OTHER STATIONS, TO BE SURE IT'S HEARD! HOPE NAMORA HEARS IT AND UNDERSTANDS!
Midnight at a certain waterfront hideout...
AND THE DELIRIOUS SUB-MARINER MUMBLES ABOUT THE UNDERSEAS KINGDOM AND A CACHE OF PRECIOUS JEWELS— LIKE BRIGHT MOONLIGHT!
LISTEN TO THAT!
YOU OUGHT TO KNOW WHERE THOSE JEWELS ARE HIDDEN!
I DON'T KNOW!
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND...
THERE IS NO CACHE! PERHAPS... JEWELS... LIKE BRIGHT MOONLIGHT!

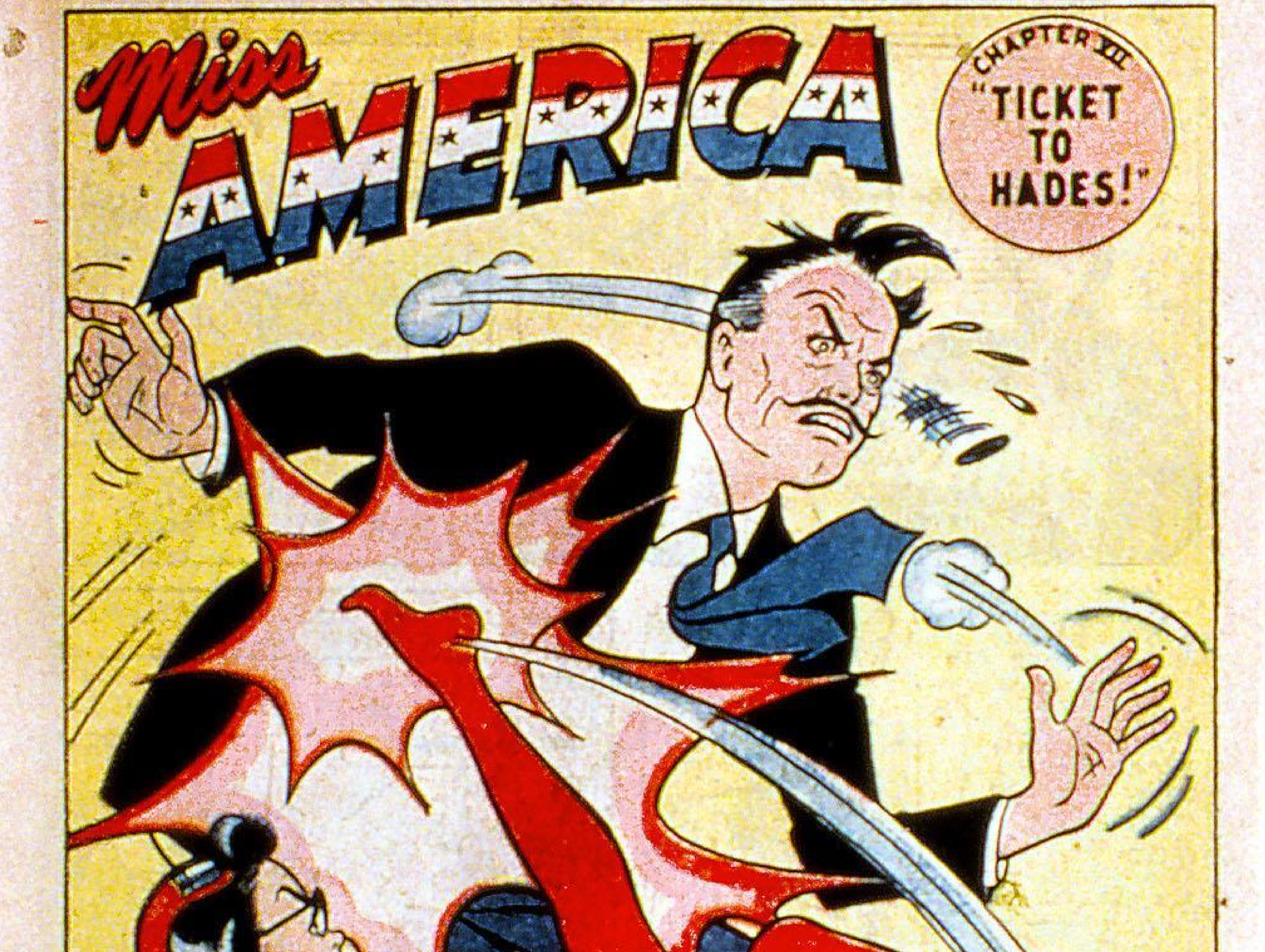

A MEMORY FLASHES THROUGH THE GIRL'S MIND!
WHEN WE DECIDED TO MEET AT SILVER ROCK, I SAID, 'IT LOOKS SO BRIGHT IN THE MOONLIGHT!' COULD THIS BE A MESSAGE?
TALK!
NO! DON'T KILL ME! THE JEWELS ARE HIDDEN ON SILVER ROCK!
Soon...
WHERE ARE THE JEWELS HIDDEN? AND NO TRICKS!
WHAT SHALL I DO NOW?
A SPLIT SECOND LATER!
NAMOR!
SMART WORK, NAMORA, TO CATCH MY CUE!
A TRAP! GET HIM!


Namor's LIGHTNING LEAP IS FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER ATOMIC MOVE!
YEOW!
SOON, POLICE BOATS APPEAR ON THE SCENE ACCORDING TO PLAN!
THAT'S THAT! NAMORA, I NOTICED WHEN WATER SPLASHED ON YOU, YOU BROKE RIGHT OUT OF YOUR CHAINS!
WATER REVIVES ME LIKE IT DOES YOU!
THAT SURELY MAKES US PARTNERS! AND WE WROUGHT REVENGE ON THOSE MURDERERS OF OUR PEOPLE!
WHICH REMINDS ME- YOU NEED A HOME! COME ON!
A HALF HOUR LATER, NAMOR'S NEWS REPORTER FRIEND, BETTY DEAN, RECEIVES VISITORS...
OF COURSE NAMORA CAN STAY WITH ME! I'LL BE GLAD TO SHARE MY APARTMENT!
YOU'RE SO KIND! AND SUB-MARINER AND I WILL SHARE OUR HUNTING FOR CRIMINALS!
YOU BET WE WILL! YOU'VE PROVEN YOURSELF ON THIS JOB! AND NOW, GOODNIGHT! UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN!
FOLLOW FAMED SUB-MARINER AND HIS NEW FEMME FRIEND AS THEY SWIM INTO MORE THRILLING ADVENTERE!
11
THE END

Miss AMERICA

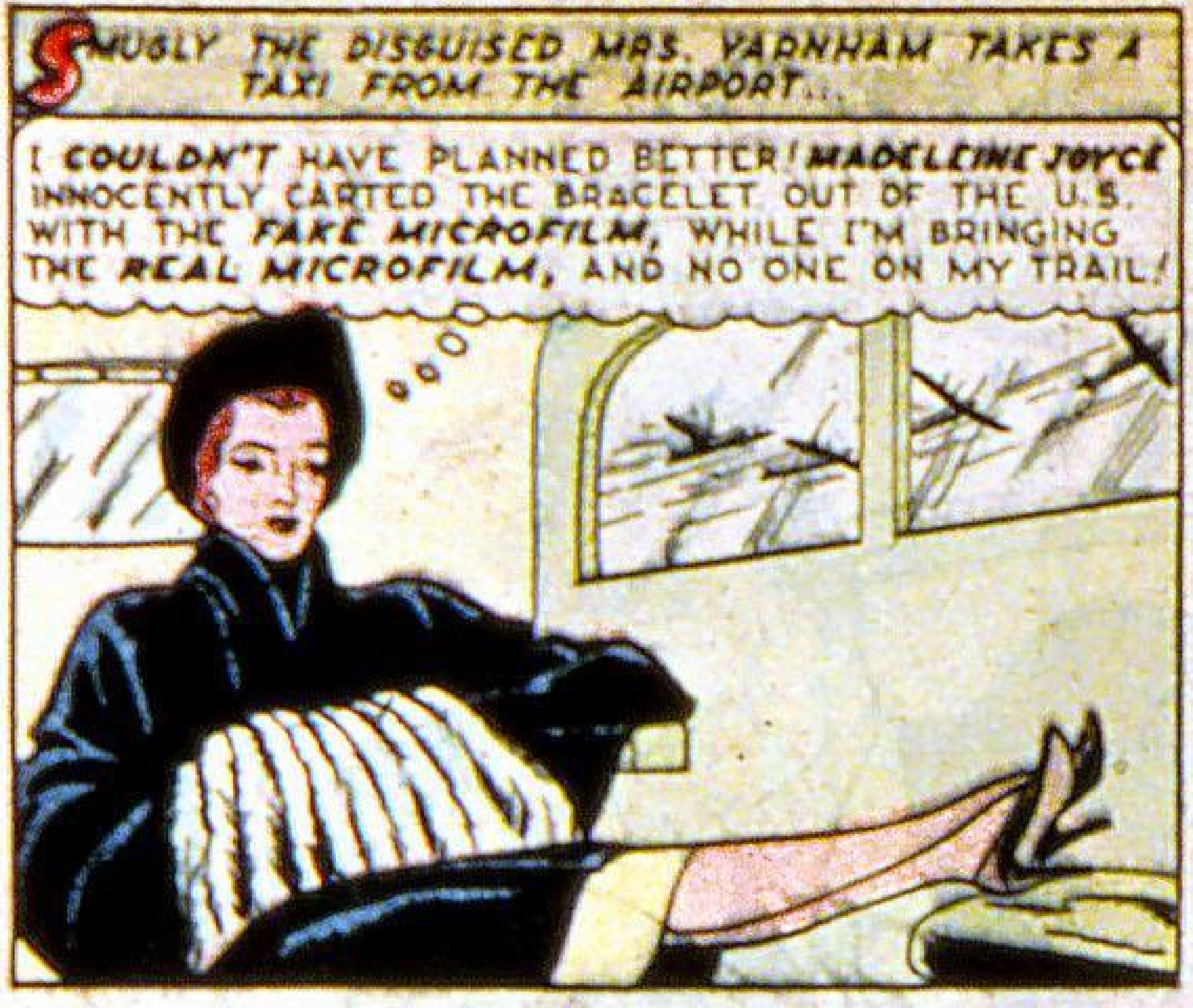
CHAPTER XII

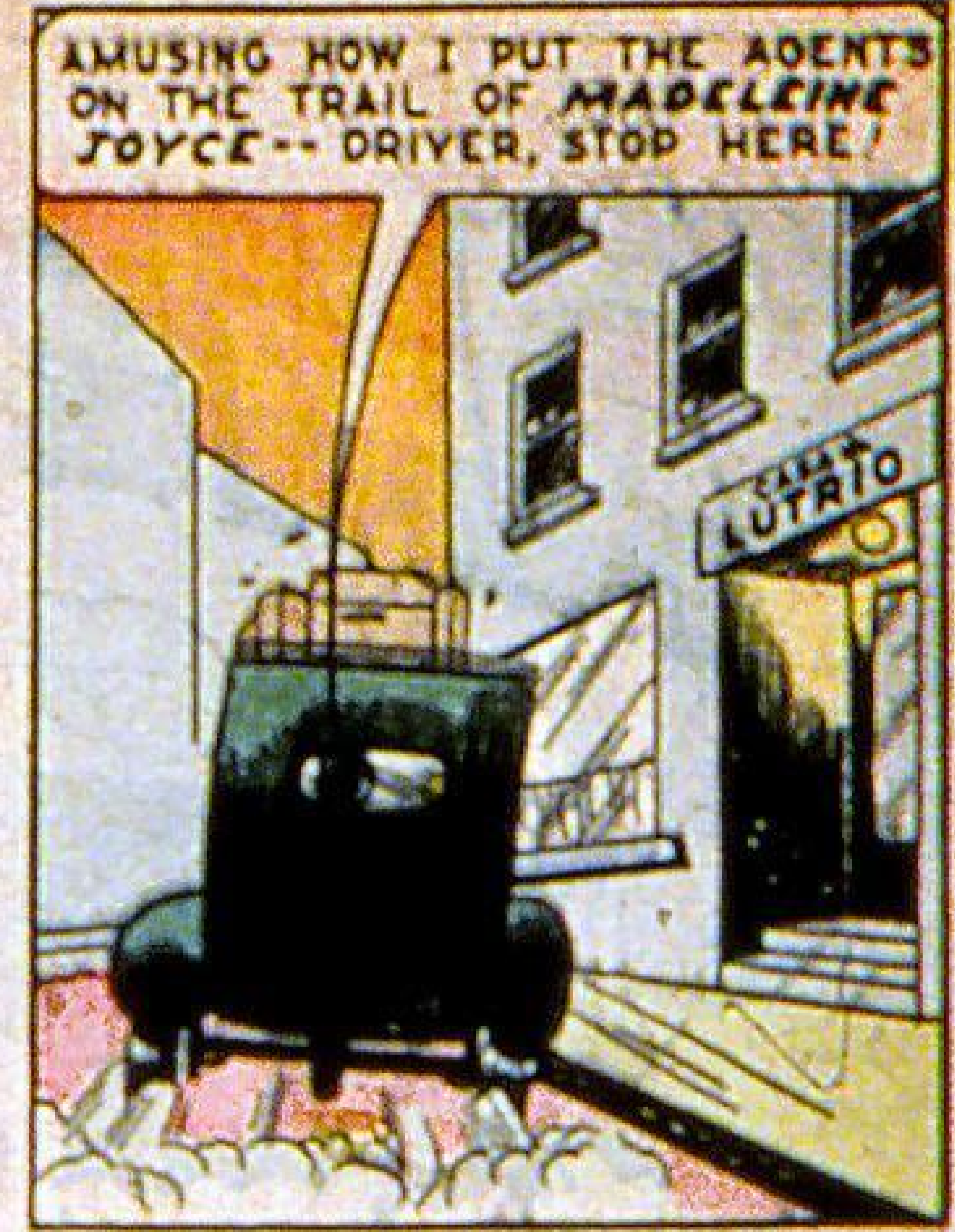
"TICKET TO HADES!"

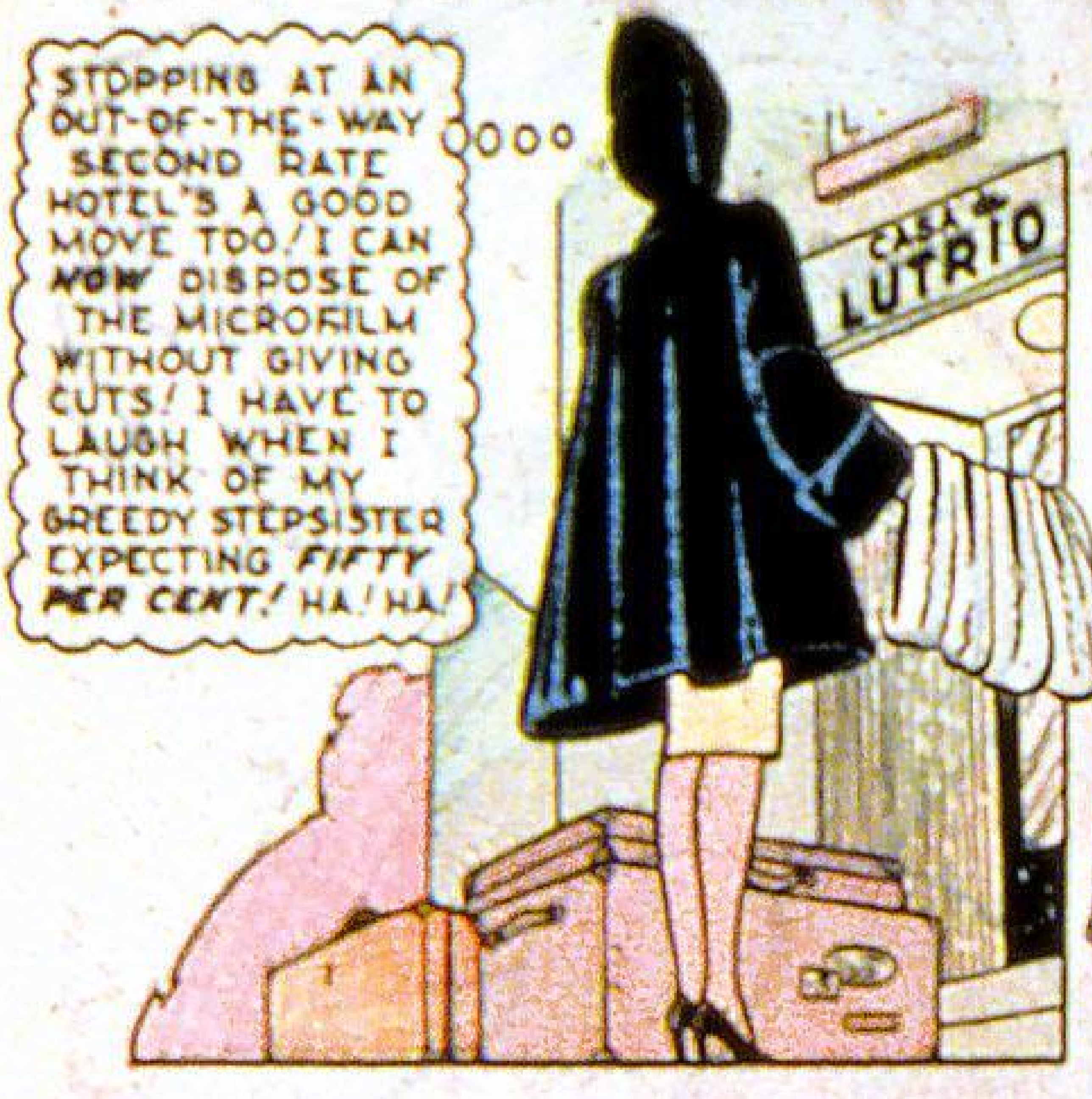


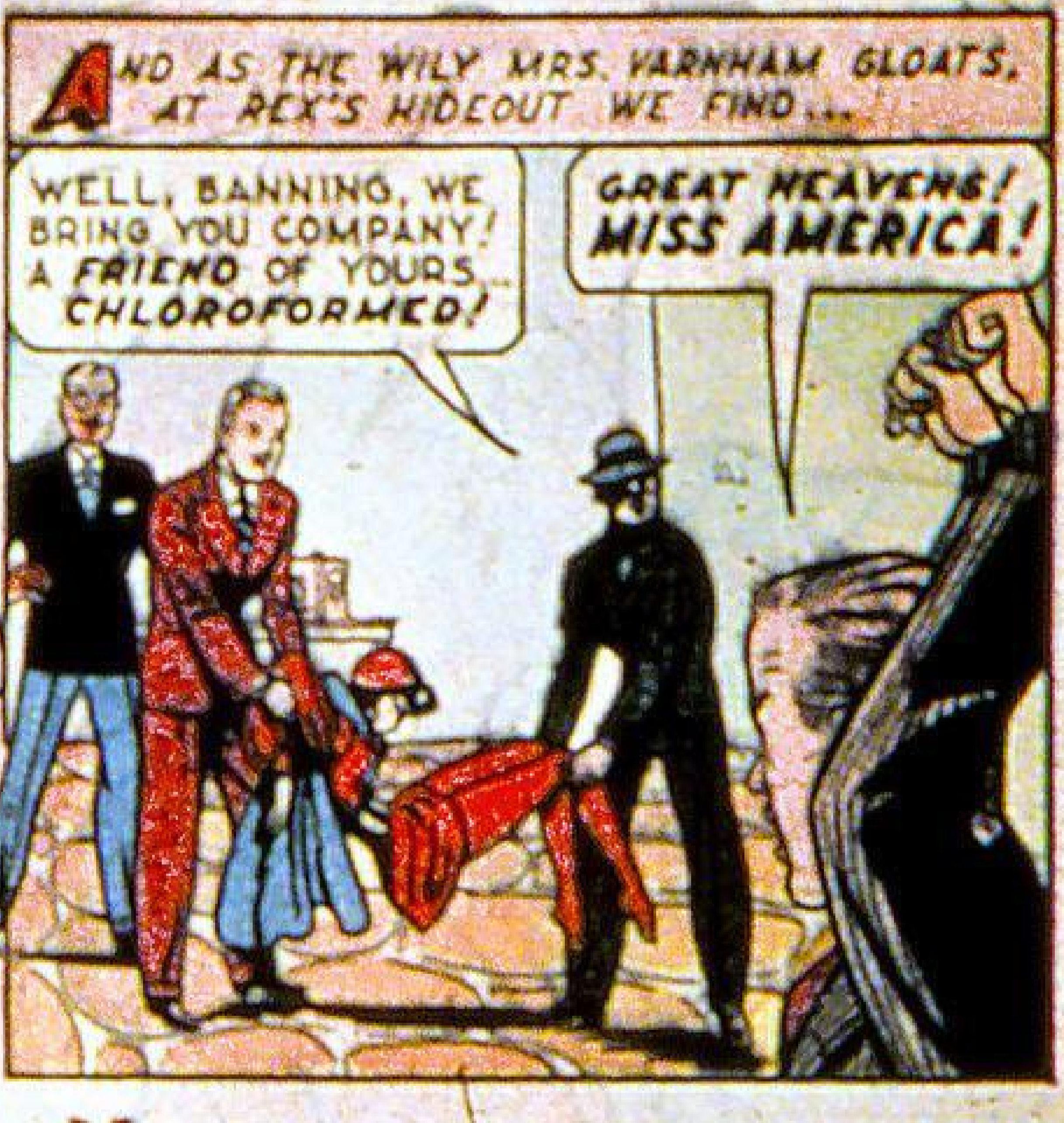
THE STORY THUS FAR...

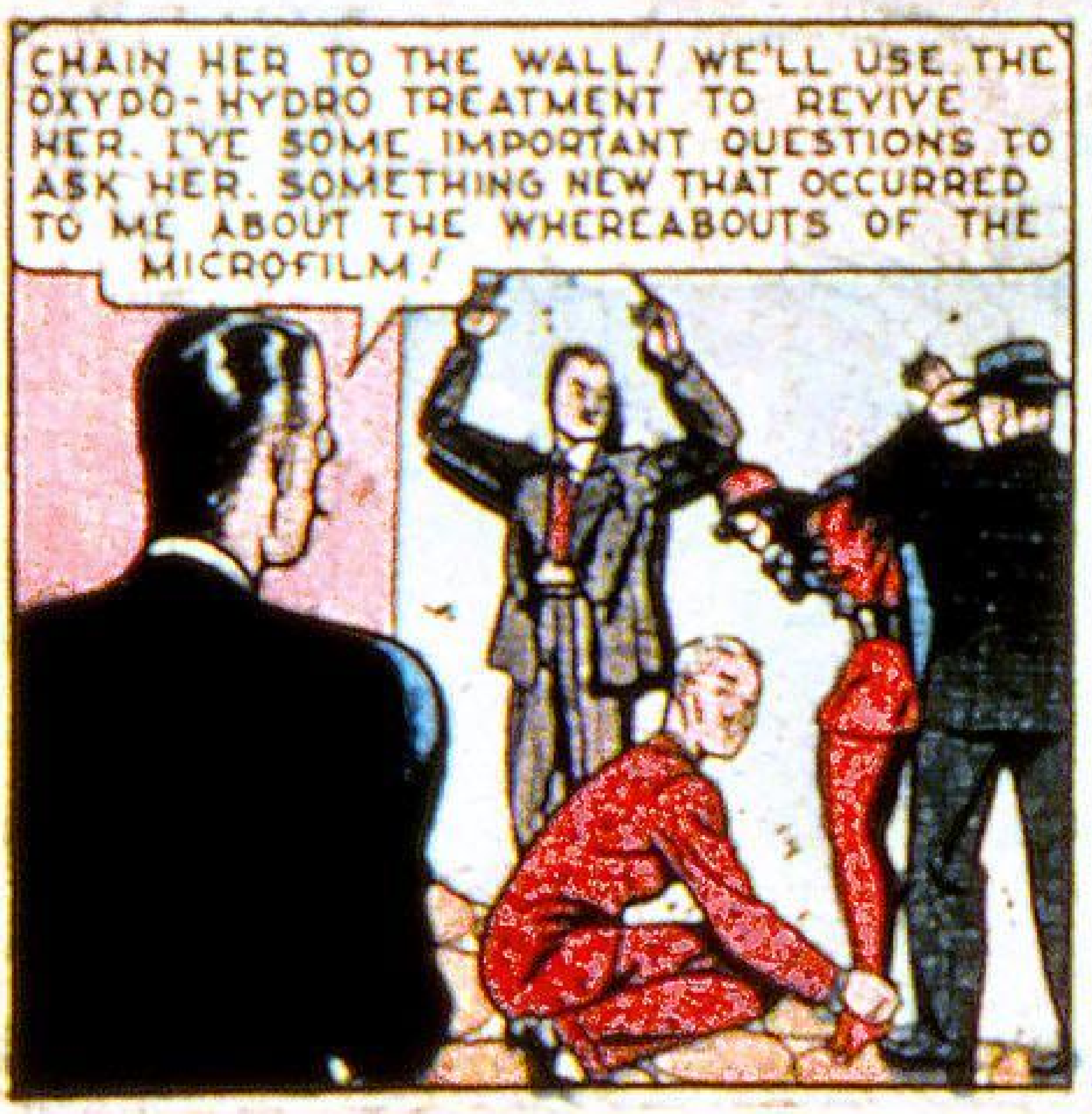
WHILE **MISS AMERICA** BECOMES THE PRISONER OF THE DIABOLICAL REX, LEADER OF A NAZI CLIQUE INTENT ON A NEW TRY FOR WORLD CONQUEST, THE CRAFTY MRS. VARNHAM ARRIVES IN BUENOS AIRES WITH THE MICROFILM FORMULA FOR A SUN RAY CONDENSER MORE POWERFULLY DESTRUCTIVE THAN THE ATOM BOMB! OTHER FOES OF DEMOCRACY ARE AFTER IT, INCLUDING THE POWER-MAD REX-- BUT AT PRESENT MRS. VARNHAM HOLDS THE INSIDE TRACK...

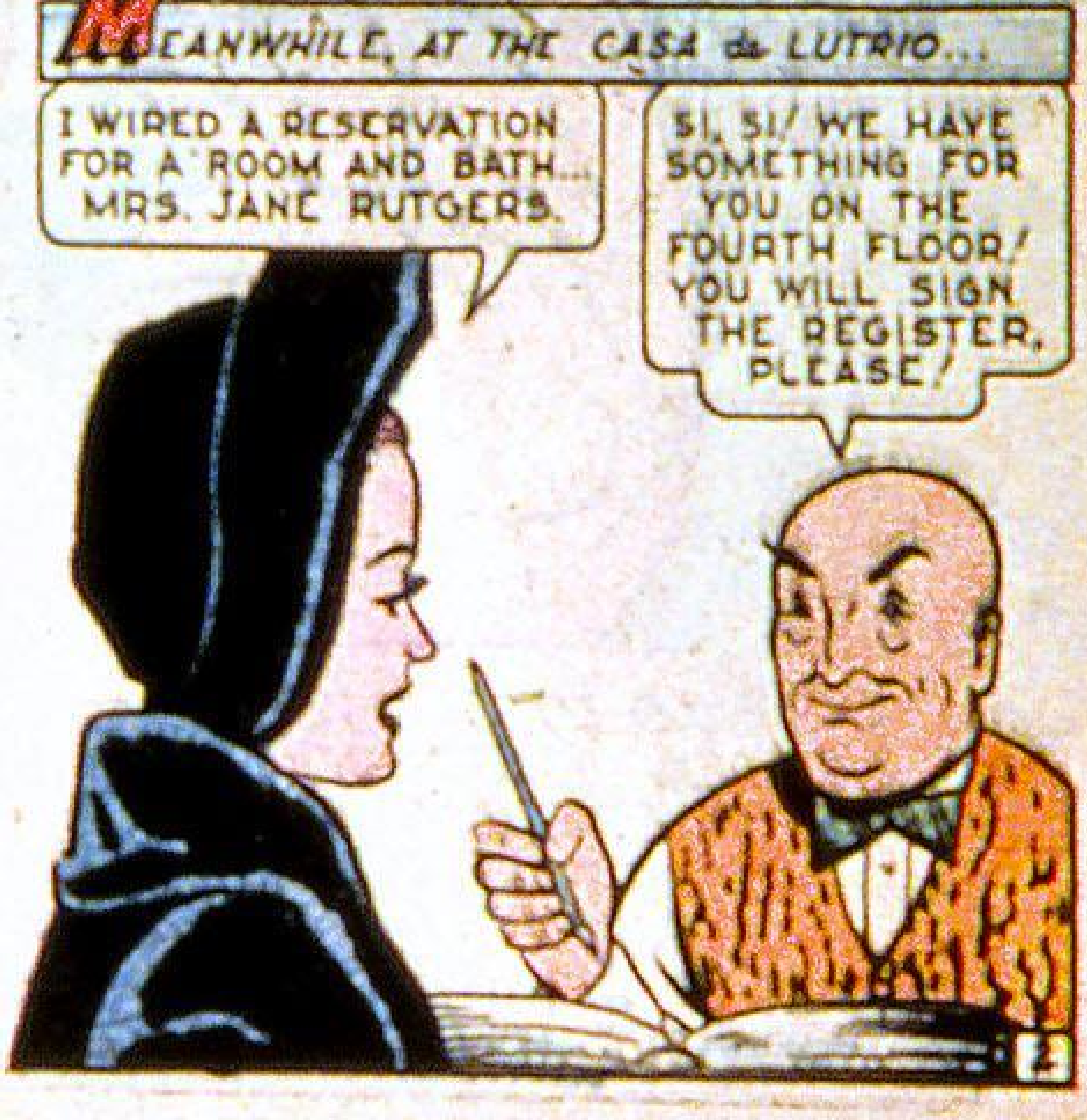

SMUGLY THE DISGUISED MRS. VARNHAM TAKES A TAXI FROM THE AIRPORT...
I COULDN'T HAVE PLANNED BETTER! MADELEINE JOYCE INNOCENTLY CARTED THE BRACELET OUT OF THE U.S. WITH THE FAKE MICROFILM, WHILE I'M BRINGING THE REAL MICROFILM, AND NO ONE ON MY TRAIL!

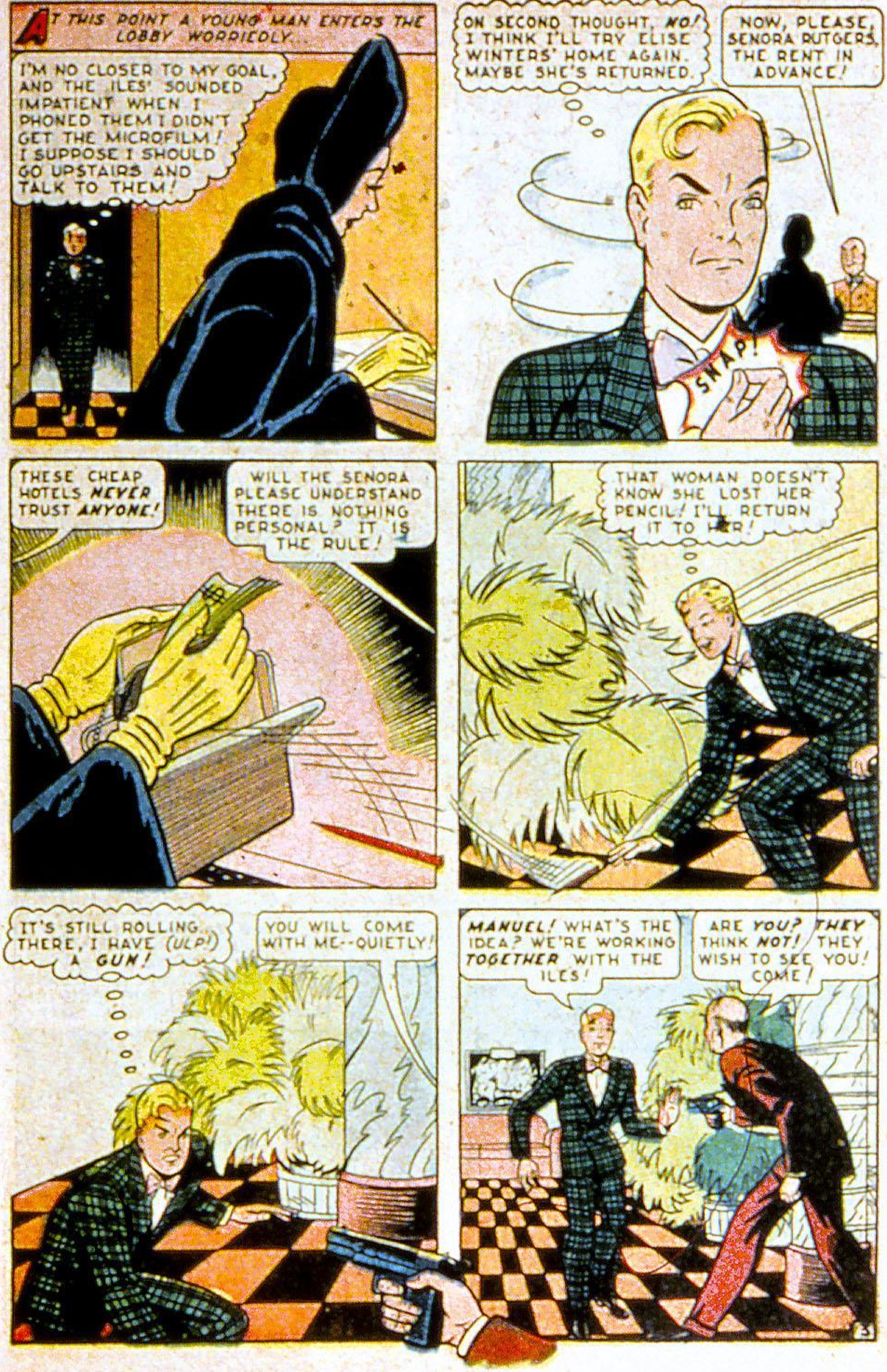

AMUSING HOW I PUT THE AGENTS ON THE TRAIL OF MADELEINE JOYCE -- DRIVER, STOP HERE!
CASA de LUTRIO

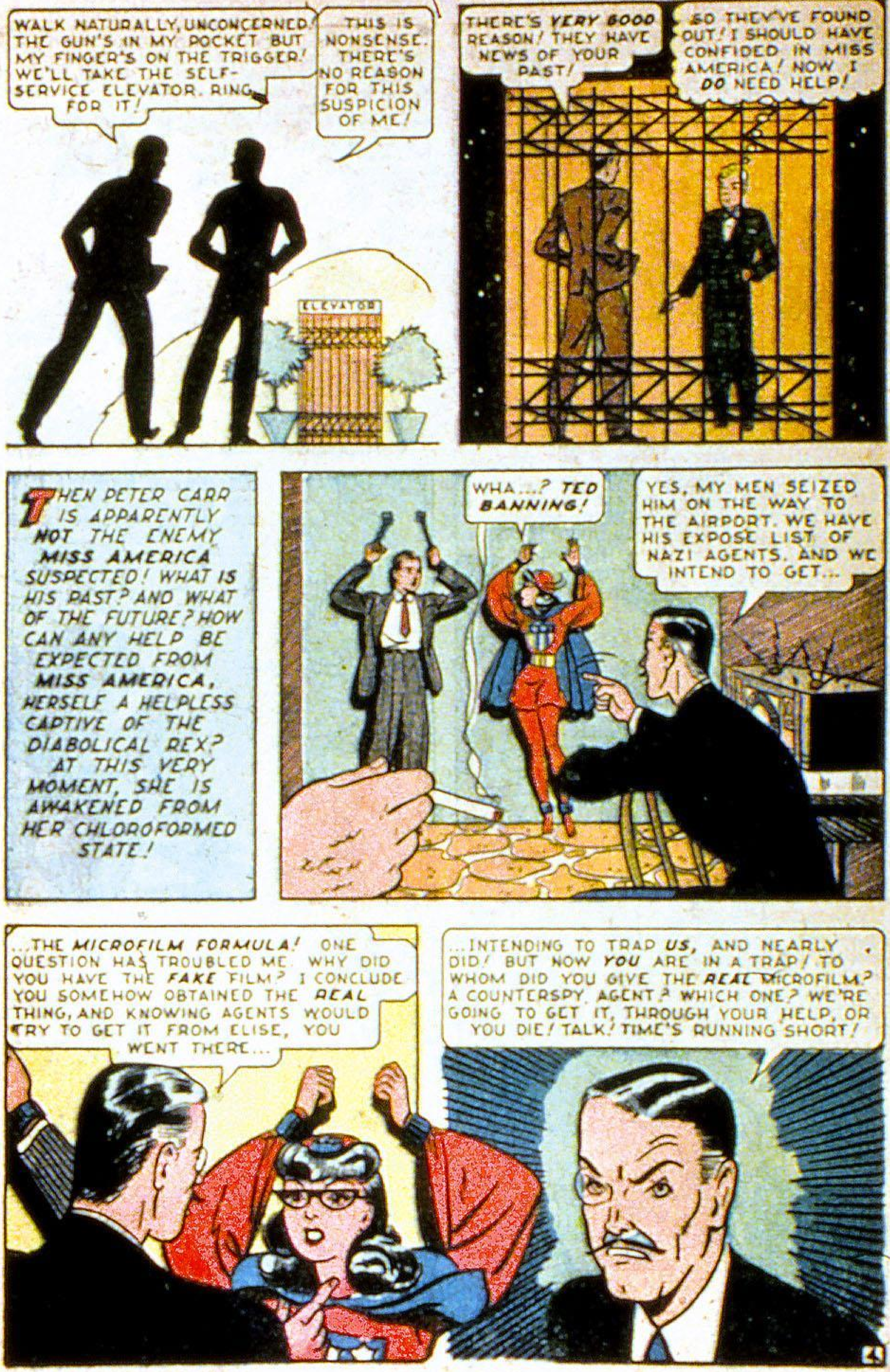

STOPPING AT AN OUT-OF-THE-WAY SECOND RATE HOTEL'S A GOOD MOVE TOO! I CAN NOW DISPOSE OF THE MICROFILM WITHOUT GIVING CUTS! I HAVE TO LAUGH WHEN I THINK OF MY GREEDY STEPSISTER EXPECTING FIFTY PER CENT! HA! HA!
CASA de LUTRIO

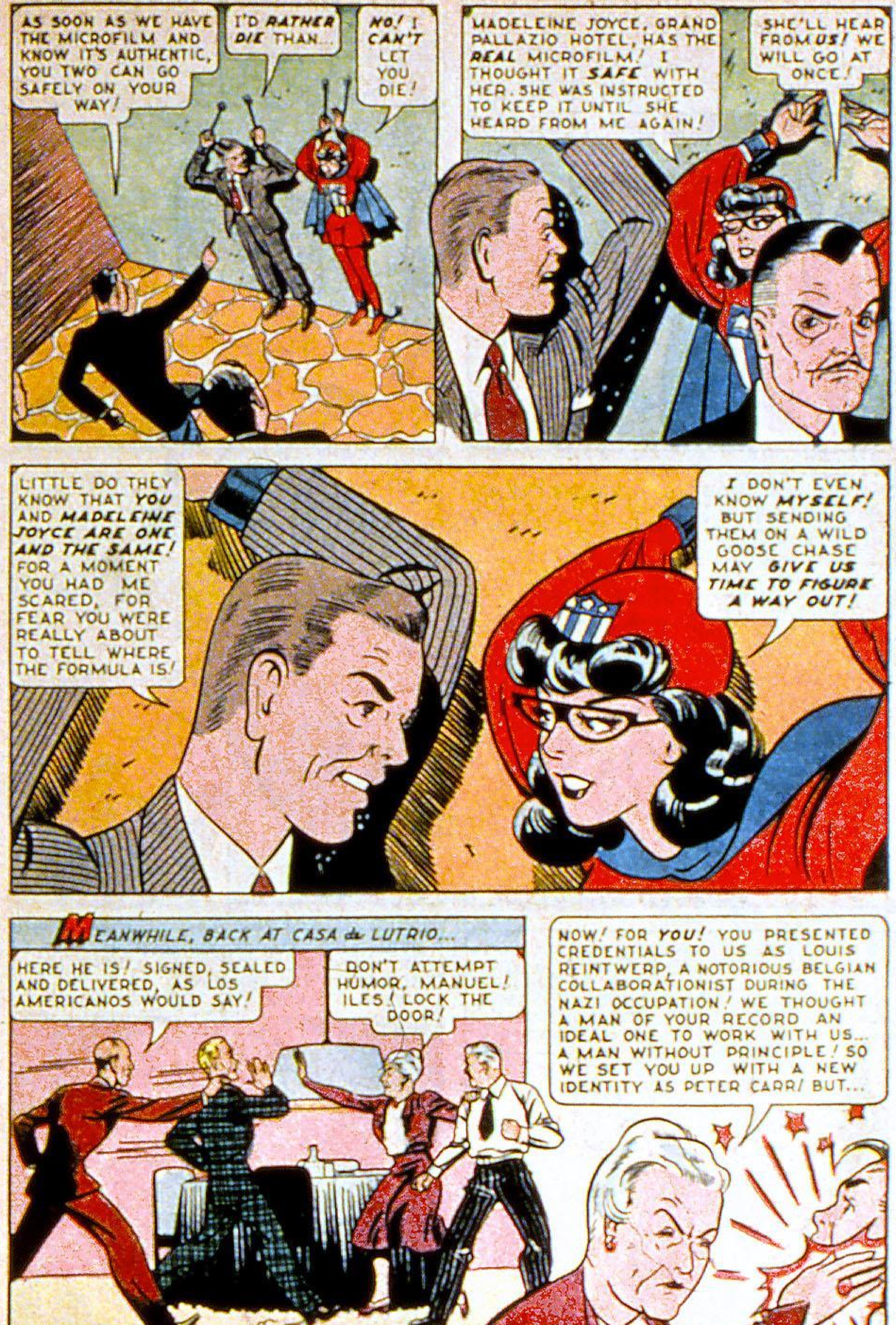

AND AS THE WILY MRS. VARNHAM GLOATS, AT REX'S HIDEOUT WE FIND...
WELL, BANNING, WE BRING YOU COMPANY! A FRIEND OF YOURS... CHLOROFORMED!
GREAT HEAVENS! MISS AMERICA!

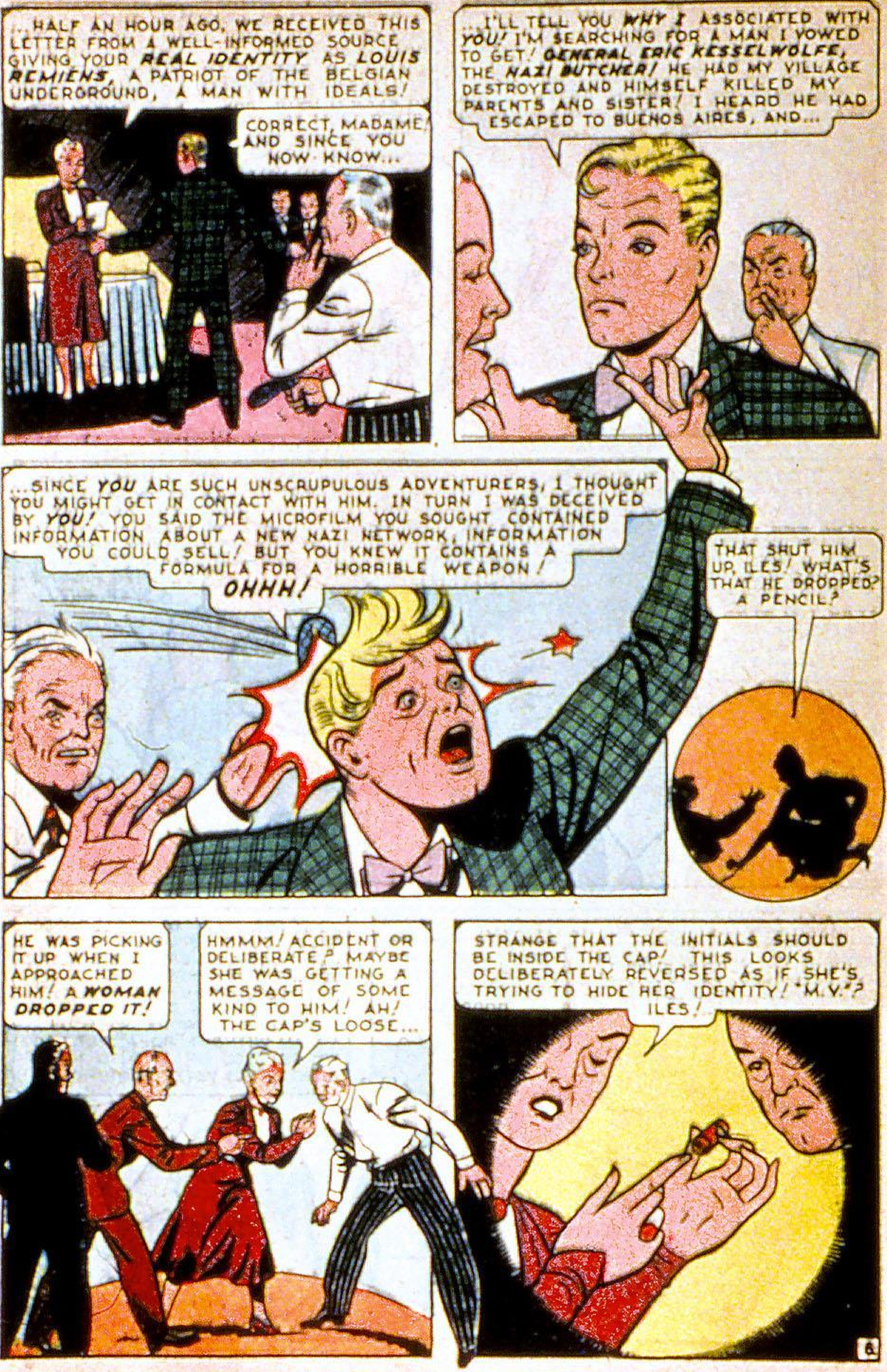

CHAIN HER TO THE WALL! WE'LL USE THE OXYDO-HYDRO TREATMENT TO REVIVE HER. I'VE SOME IMPORTANT QUESTIONS TO ASK HER. SOMETHING NEW THAT OCCURRED TO ME ABOUT THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE MICROFILM!

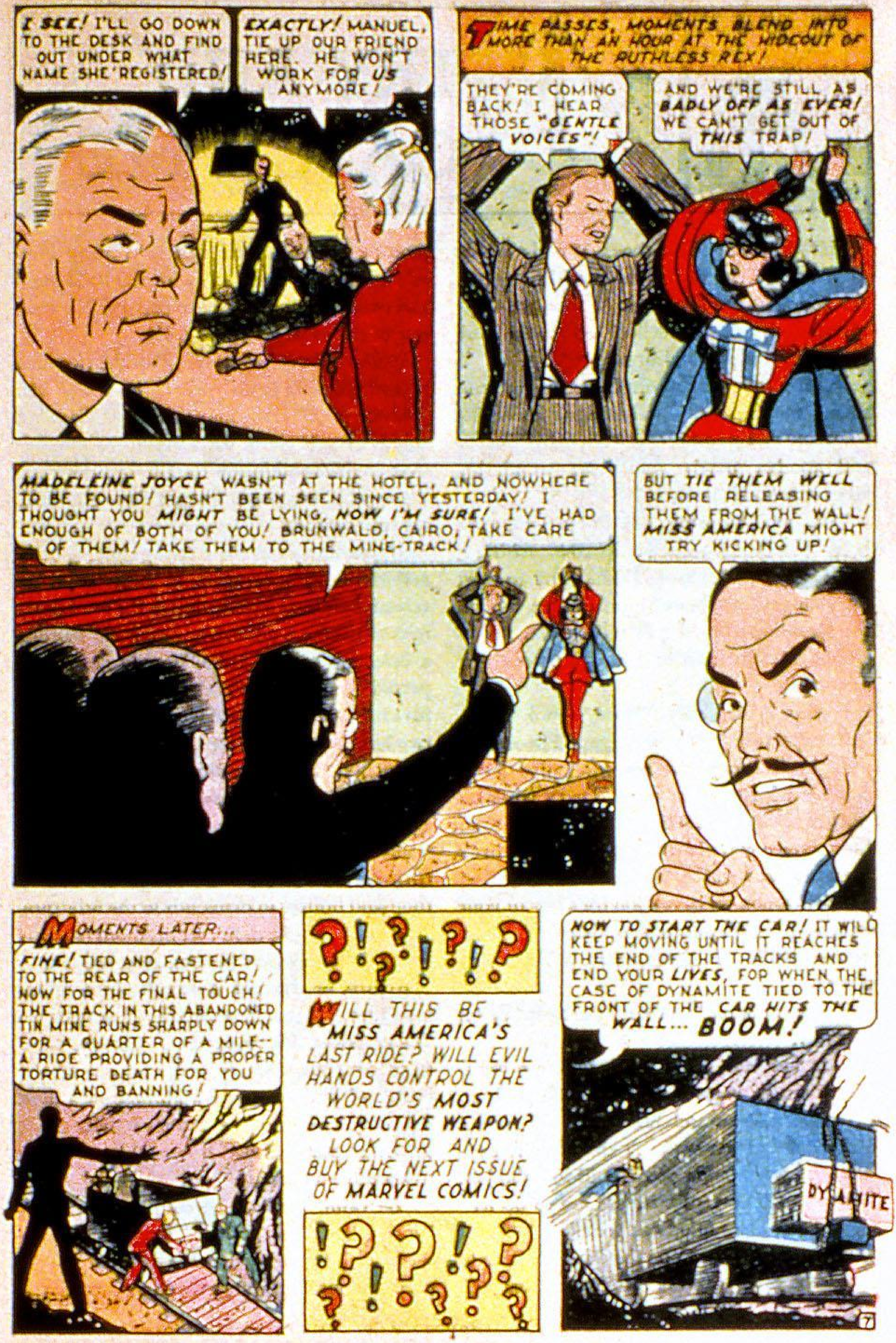

MEANWHILE, AT THE CASA de LUTRIO...
I WIRED A RESERVATION FOR A ROOM AND BATH... MRS. JANE RUTGERS.
SI, SI! WE HAVE SOMETHING FOR YOU ON THE FOURTH FLOOR! YOU WILL SIGN THE REGISTER, PLEASE!

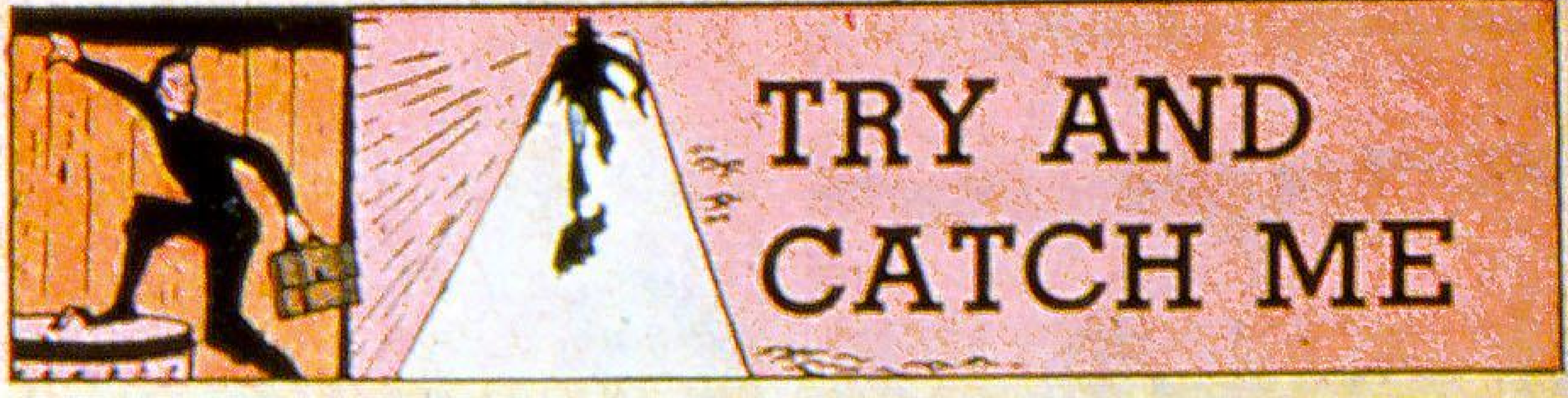

AT THIS POINT A YOUNG MAN ENTERS THE LOBBY WORRIEDLY...
I'M NO CLOSER TO MY GOAL, AND THE ILES' SOUNDED IMPATIENT WHEN I PHONED THEM I DIDN'T GET THE MICROFILM! I SUPPOSE I SHOULD GO UPSTAIRS AND TALK TO THEM!
ON SECOND THOUGHT, NO! I THINK I'LL TRY ELISE WINTERS' HOME AGAIN. MAYBE SHE'S RETURNED.
NOW, PLEASE, SENORA RUTGERS, THE RENT IN ADVANCE!
SNAP!
THESE CHEAP HOTELS NEVER TRUST ANYONE!
WILL THE SENORA PLEASE UNDERSTAND THERE IS NOTHING PERSONAL? IT IS THE RULE!
THAT WOMAN DOESN'T KNOW SHE LOST HER PENCIL! I'LL RETURN IT TO HER!
IT'S STILL ROLLING... THERE, I HAVE (ULP!) A GUN!
YOU WILL COME WITH ME--QUIETLY!
MANUEL! WHAT'S THE IDEA? WE'RE WORKING TOGETHER WITH THE ILES!
ARE YOU? THEY THINK NOT! THEY WISH TO SEE YOU! COME!


WALK NATURALLY, UNCONCERNED! THE GUN'S IN MY POCKET BUT MY FINGER'S ON THE TRIGGER! WE'LL TAKE THE SELF-SERVICE ELEVATOR. RING FOR IT!
THIS IS NONSENSE. THERE'S NO REASON FOR THIS SUSPICION OF ME!
ELEVATOR
THERE'S VERY GOOD REASON! THEY HAVE NEWS OF YOUR PAST!
SO THEY'VE FOUND OUT! I SHOULD HAVE CONFIDED IN MISS AMERICA! NOW I DO NEED HELP!
THEN PETER CARR IS APPARENTLY NOT THE ENEMY MISS AMERICA SUSPECTED! WHAT IS HIS PAST? AND WHAT OF THE FUTURE? HOW CAN ANY HELP BE EXPECTED FROM MISS AMERICA, HERSELF A HELPLESS CAPTIVE OF THE DIABOLICAL REX? AT THIS VERY MOMENT, SHE IS AWAKENED FROM HER CHLOROFORMED STATE!
WHA...? TED BANNING!
YES, MY MEN SEIZED HIM ON THE WAY TO THE AIRPORT. WE HAVE HIS EXPOSE LIST OF NAZI AGENTS. AND WE INTEND TO GET...
...THE MICROFILM FORMULA! ONE QUESTION HAS TROUBLED ME. WHY DID YOU HAVE THE FAKE FILM? I CONCLUDE YOU SOMEHOW OBTAINED THE REAL THING, AND KNOWING AGENTS WOULD TRY TO GET IT FROM ELISE, YOU WENT THERE...
...INTENDING TO TRAP US, AND NEARLY DID! BUT NOW YOU ARE IN A TRAP! TO WHOM DID YOU GIVE THE REAL MICROFILM? A COUNTERSPY AGENT? WHICH ONE? WE'RE GOING TO GET IT, THROUGH YOUR HELP, OR YOU DIE! TALK! TIME'S RUNNING SHORT!


AS SOON AS WE HAVE THE MICROFILM AND KNOW IT'S AUTHENTIC, YOU TWO CAN GO SAFELY ON YOUR WAY!
I'D RATHER DIE THAN...
NO! I CAN'T LET YOU DIE!
MADELEINE JOYCE, GRAND PALLAZIO HOTEL, HAS THE REAL MICROFILM! I THOUGHT IT SAFE WITH HER. SHE WAS INSTRUCTED TO KEEP IT UNTIL SHE HEARD FROM ME AGAIN!
SHE'LL HEAR FROM US! WE WILL GO AT ONCE!
LITTLE DO THEY KNOW THAT YOU AND MADELEINE JOYCE ARE ONE AND THE SAME! FOR A MOMENT YOU HAD ME SCARED, FOR FEAR YOU WERE REALLY ABOUT TO TELL WHERE THE FORMULA IS!
I DON'T EVEN KNOW MYSELF! BUT SENDING THEM ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE MAY GIVE US TIME TO FIGURE A WAY OUT!
MEANWHILE, BACK AT CASA de LUTRIO...
HERE HE IS! SIGNED, SEALED AND DELIVERED, AS LOS AMERICANOS WOULD SAY!
DON'T ATTEMPT HUMOR, MANUEL! ILES! LOCK THE DOOR!
NOW! FOR YOU! YOU PRESENTED CREDENTIALS TO US AS LOUIS REINTWERP, A NOTORIOUS BELGIAN COLLABORATIONIST DURING THE NAZI OCCUPATION! WE THOUGHT A MAN OF YOUR RECORD AN IDEAL ONE TO WORK WITH US... A MAN WITHOUT PRINCIPLE! SO WE SET YOU UP WITH A NEW IDENTITY AS PETER CARR! BUT...


...HALF AN HOUR AGO, WE RECEIVED THIS LETTER FROM A WELL-INFORMED SOURCE GIVING YOUR **REAL IDENTITY** AS **LOUIS REMIENS**, A PATRIOT OF THE BELGIAN UNDERGROUND, A MAN WITH IDEALS!
CORRECT, MADAME! AND SINCE YOU NOW KNOW...
...I'LL TELL YOU **WHY I** ASSOCIATED WITH **YOU!** I'M SEARCHING FOR A MAN I VOWED TO GET! **GENERAL ERIC KESSELWOLFE, THE NAZI BUTCHER!** HE HAD MY VILLAGE DESTROYED AND HIMSELF KILLED MY PARENTS AND SISTER! I HEARD HE HAD ESCAPED TO BUENOS AIRES, AND...
...SINCE **YOU** ARE SUCH UNSCRUPULOUS ADVENTURERS, I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT GET IN CONTACT WITH HIM. IN TURN I WAS DECEIVED BY **YOU!** YOU SAID THE MICROFILM YOU SOUGHT CONTAINED INFORMATION ABOUT A NEW NAZI NETWORK, INFORMATION YOU COULD SELL! BUT YOU KNEW IT CONTAINS A FORMULA FOR A HORRIBLE WEAPON!
OHHH!
THAT SHUT HIM UP, ILES! WHAT'S THAT HE DROPPED? A PENCIL?
HE WAS PICKING IT UP WHEN I APPROACHED HIM! A **WOMAN DROPPED IT!**
HMMM! ACCIDENT OR DELIBERATE? MAYBE SHE WAS GETTING A MESSAGE OF SOME KIND TO HIM! AH! THE CAP'S LOOSE...
STRANGE THAT THE INITIALS SHOULD BE INSIDE THE CAP! THIS LOOKS DELIBERATELY REVERSED AS IF SHE'S TRYING TO HIDE HER IDENTITY! "M.V."? ILES!


I SEE! I'LL GO DOWN TO THE DESK AND FIND OUT UNDER WHAT NAME SHE'REGISTERED!
EXACTLY! MANUEL, TIE UP OUR FRIEND HERE. HE WON'T WORK FOR US ANYMORE!
TIME PASSES, MOMENTS BLEND INTO MORE THAN AN HOUR AT THE HIDEOUT OF THE RUTHLESS REX!
THEY'RE COMING BACK! I HEAR THOSE "GENTLE VOICES"!
AND WE'RE STILL AS BADLY OFF AS EVER! WE CAN'T GET OUT OF THIS TRAP!
MADELEINE JOYCE WASN'T AT THE HOTEL, AND NOWHERE TO BE FOUND! HASN'T BEEN SEEN SINCE YESTERDAY! I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE LYING, NOW I'M SURE! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF BOTH OF YOU! BRUNWALD, CAIRO, TAKE CARE OF THEM! TAKE THEM TO THE MINE-TRACK!
BUT TIE THEM WELL BEFORE RELEASING THEM FROM THE WALL! MISS AMERICA MIGHT TRY KICKING UP!
MOMENTS LATER...
FINE! TIED AND FASTENED TO THE REAR OF THE CAR! NOW FOR THE FINAL TOUCH! THE TRACK IN THIS ABANDONED TIN MINE RUNS SHARPLY DOWN FOR A QUARTER OF A MILE-- A RIDE PROVIDING A PROPER TORTURE DEATH FOR YOU AND BANNING!
?!??!?!?
WILL THIS BE MISS AMERICA'S LAST RIDE? WILL EVIL HANDS CONTROL THE WORLD'S MOST DESTRUCTIVE WEAPON? LOOK FOR AND BUY THE NEXT ISSUE OF MARVEL COMICS!
!??!???
NOW TO START THE CAR! IT WILL KEEP MOVING UNTIL IT REACHES THE END OF THE TRACKS AND END YOUR LIVES, FOR WHEN THE CASE OF DYNAMITE TIED TO THE FRONT OF THE CAR HITS THE WALL... BOOM!
DYNAMITE



TRY AND CATCH ME

SHIVERING in his shoes, Woody Dobbs knocked timidly on the president's door. I'm gonna be fired for sure, he thought. Only two days on this after-school job for the bank and I'm getting canned already!

But the voice that shouted, "Come in!" was more than pleasant. Woody slipped inside like a shadow and stood before "Grouchy" Barker and another portly gentleman, wondering what it was all about.

"Ah, good morning, son. Come here, come here." Mr. Barker turned to the man on his left and said, "Mr. Johnson, I'd like you to meet the youngest member of our firm, Mr. Dobbs, the messenger boy I was telling you about. Dobbs, Mr. Johnson here is one of our best customers."

Feeling a little silly, Woody shook hands, half expecting it to be a gag. Silence, he thought. When you're not sure, pipe down and see what's in the wind. That's what his teacher always said. Still, it didn't seem right for a sixteen year old to be mixing it with bank presidents and stuff.

"Mr. Dobbs, we have a job for a boy of your integrity. I understand you know the warehouse district of town pretty well, is that true?"

Woody nodded. "Yes, sir. I was raised down that way."

"Ah, fine, fine. Now, here's what we want. Mr. Johnson wants a very valuable package delivered to his warehouse tonight at twelve o'clock. Of course we can't entrust it to *anyone*, and we thought *you* would like the job. It means a bonus, of course. Care to do it?"

Woody's chest filled out with joy. "Would I!" he exclaimed. "You betcha!" Not only would he get some extra cash toward that new motor-powered bicycle, but he'd prove himself enough to get a job with the bank summers while he was going to college. He went out of the room walking on air.

But no sooner had he left than the two men turned grinning to each other. "He'll do," Mr. Johnson said. "Those mugs after that diamond shipment will think we're trying to put one over on them and follow the kid for sure. Then the regular messenger will get through. Well, see you tonight."

Eleven-thirty was the meeting time. Woody and the other messenger, an older man, received their final instructions in the semi-darkness of the bank office. Then each was handed a briefcase exactly alike. Woody never suspected what plot was underfoot, and clutched his case tightly. At a nod from Mr. Barker, the two left the bank together.

Outside, the eerie yellow eyes of the street lamps blinked in the darkness. The two messengers said good-bye and took different directions. As cool as it was, Woody felt the sweat trickling down his back. Holy cow! Twenty thousand dollars in diamonds in the briefcase. What if . . . but he didn't let his thoughts drift along those lines any further. It scared him.

At first he thought it was the echo of his own footsteps that he noticed as he turned into Water Street. He stopped . . . and the footsteps continued. He turned, and out of the corner of his eye caught a glimpse of a dark figure merge into the shadows. His heart started to pump madly. It was all he could do to keep from running.

"Be calm, junior," he said to the night, "you're imagining things." But was he? Directly ahead a dark sedan was drawn up to the curb, and inside he saw someone move against the window in the rear. So this was why they had sent him. Of course! They *expected* a robbery. That was why the bank wanted someone who knew this section. Okay, robbers, come on. Let's see you catch old Woody Dobbs. You'll get a merry chase, anyway. However, Woody didn't feel quite as brave as he thought. He took a good look around to get his bearings, then went straight ahead. Just as he reached the sedan the door started to open, but he didn't wait around.

Like a flash he turned into an alley and ran for his life. If he was right a high fence was dead ahead. Behind him there was a startled yell and feet pounded in the darkness. If only that old ashcan is still there, Woody was thinking. I can reach the top of the fence from it. Luck was with him. It was still there.

He hit the can with a bang, then over the wall. He heard heavy shoes ram the fence and the can fall. But then *they* were over too! The darkness deepened behind the tall buildings, but Woody had played in these places enough to know where he was going . . . he hoped! If nobody had thrown up a new wall or something since he'd been here last, he'd make it.

The footsteps were closer. A flashlight was searching for him. Woody reached down and grabbed a handle and a cellar door swung open. He ran madly down a narrow corridor, found another door and dashed outside again . . . and bumped head on into one of the thugs! . . . Meanwhile, Mr. Barker and Mr. Johnson nervously chewed their fingernails in the latter's warehouse office. Each checked a watch; then a rap came on the door. Mr. Johnson sighed and opened it. The other messenger stood there. "Come right in. Any trouble?"

"Not at all," the man said, throwing his briefcase on the table. But I saw someone following Dobbs in the darkness when we parted."

"Ha! They'll get nothing from him. He's got a briefcase full of pebbles!"

"YIIII!" The shriek came from behind them. "L-look!" Mr. Johnson shouted. "Pebbles! You gave the *wrong* briefcase to that kid! Barker you'll pay for this! I'm ruined!"

The three men looked at each other, stunned.

...Woody was stunned too. He had hit the guy so hard he saw bright lights. However, he didn't wait for them to clear. He grabbed his briefcase and took off down another alley. More shouts . . . they had seen him! He reached a ladder pointing toward the top of a building. He stuck his case in his teeth and clamped down, then scooted up the ladder hand over hand.

Someone was very close behind him. He could hear his hoarse breath. It was now or never. Up above him he could barely make out the old rusted iron rungs of the ladder that he remembered so well. If they would only hold his weight he could make his getaway. Then he was there, over the weakened metal structure. With one heel he kicked hard, and the metal rungs fell away. Part of it landed on a head and the guy behind him yelped. By golly, now they'd have to go up some other way to get him! There was a three foot gap in the rungs!

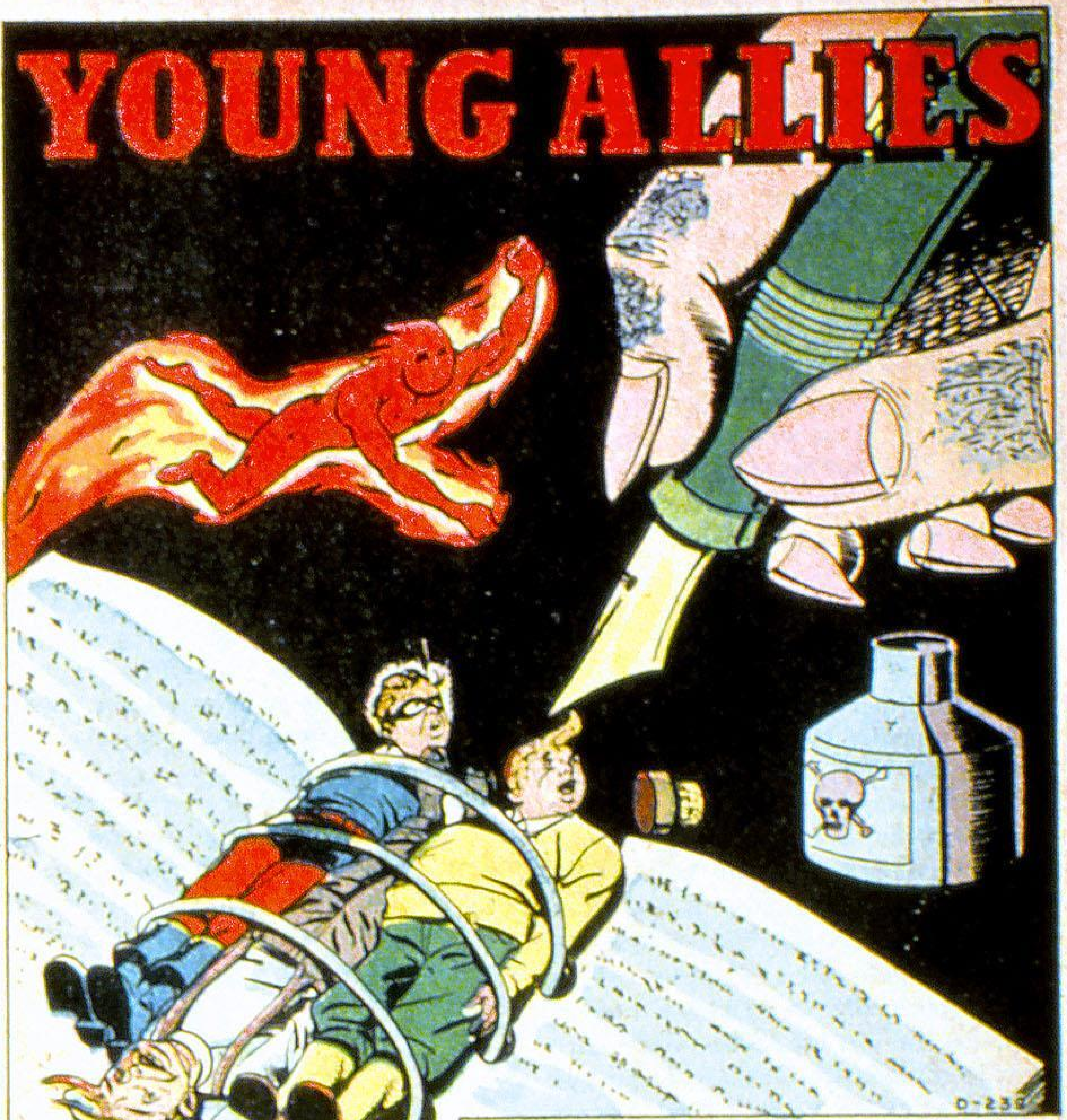
Woody practically flew over the rooftops to the Johnson warehouse! Then down the stairs to the office. Just as he was about to enter he heard Mr. Johnson's "YIIIII!", and he pushed open the door. The three men looked at the bedraggled figure like he was a ghost; then their eyes lit up and Mr. Johnson made a grab for the briefcase. The next second the diamonds were all over the table. "Completely intact!" he exclaimed. "Every one of them is right here!"

Mr. Barker took a deep breath. In Woody's appearance he could read what had happened. "Fine work, Dobbs," he said. "You really saved the day. Are you all right?"

Woody nodded, then rapidly he sketched the proceedings while all three listened attentively. Outside came the wail of police sirens. One of the watchmen must have seen the mad chase and called the patrol cars!

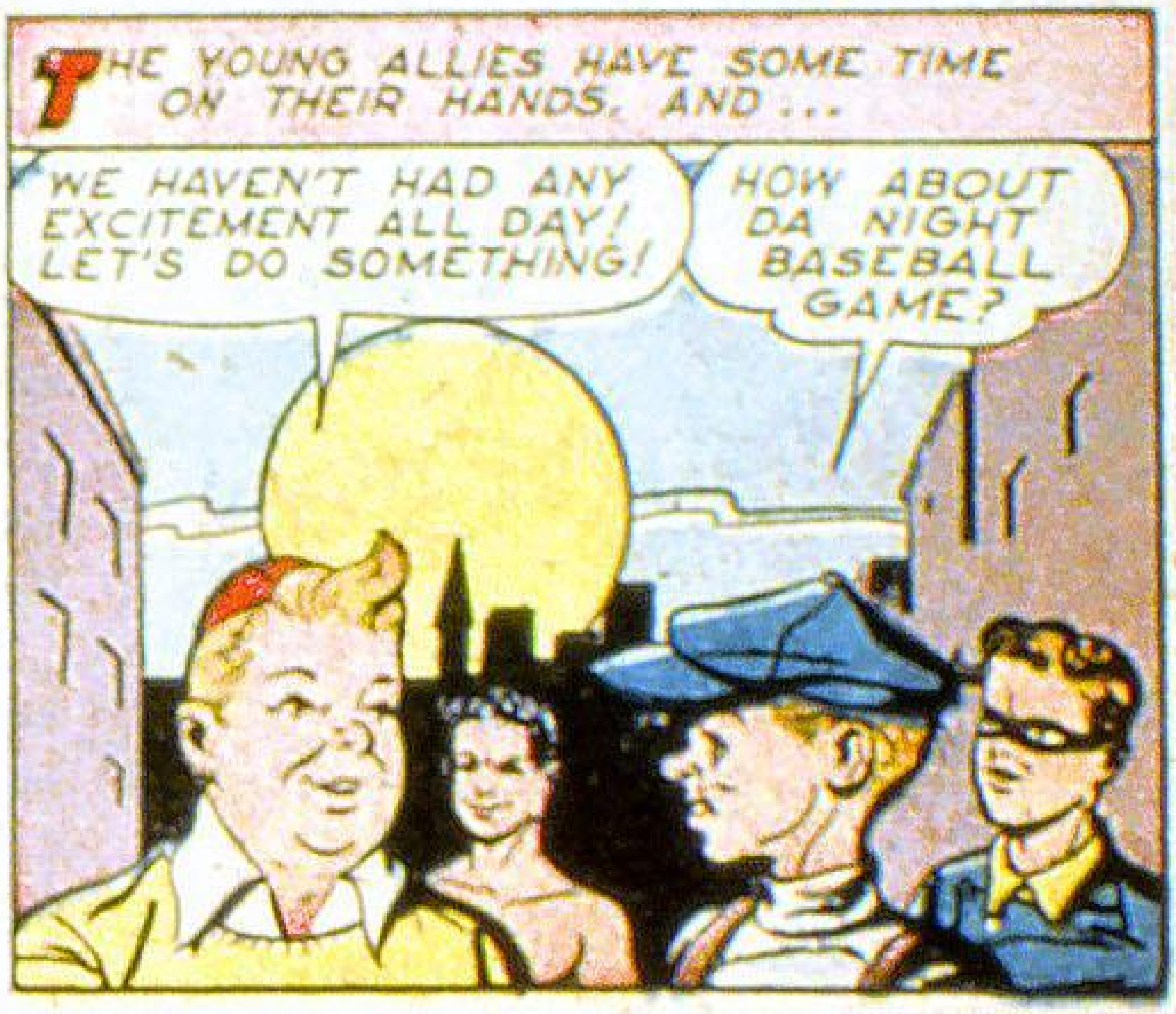
Neither Johnson nor Barker knew what to say. They just looked at one another. Then Mr. Barker threw his arms fondly around Woody's shoulders and said, "About that bonus, Dobbs, I believe we'll just *double* it!"

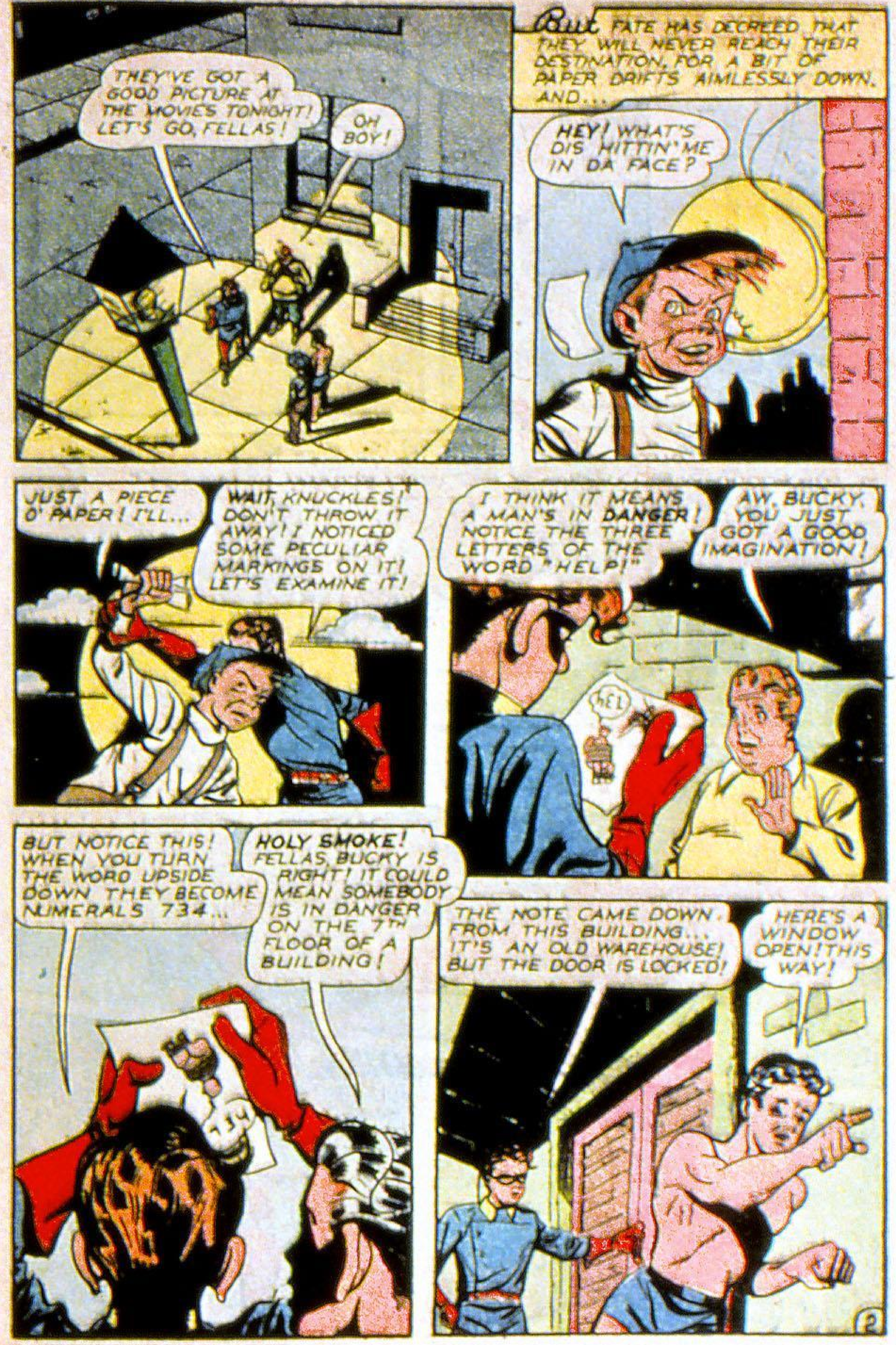
THE END

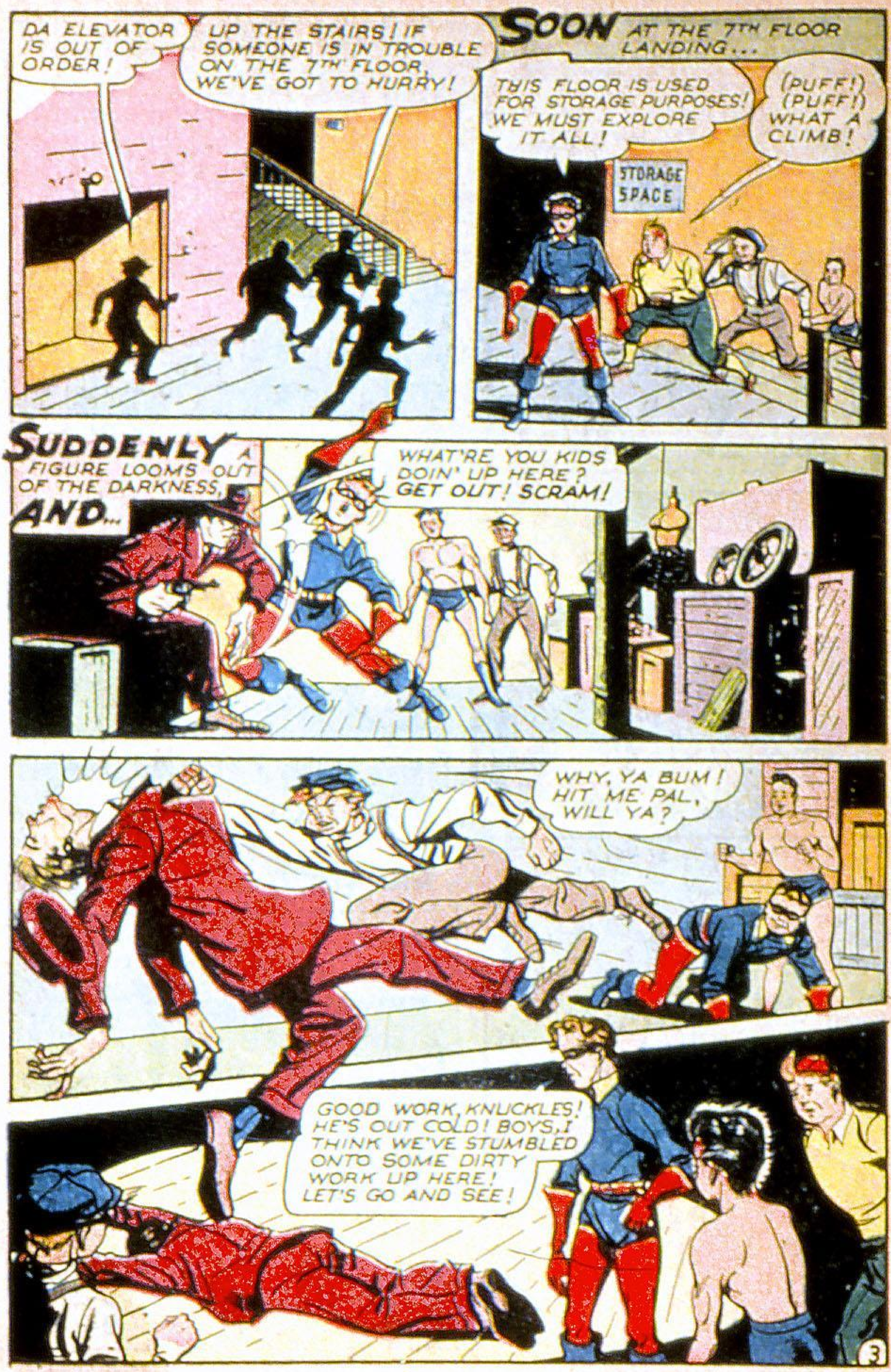

YOUNG ALLIES

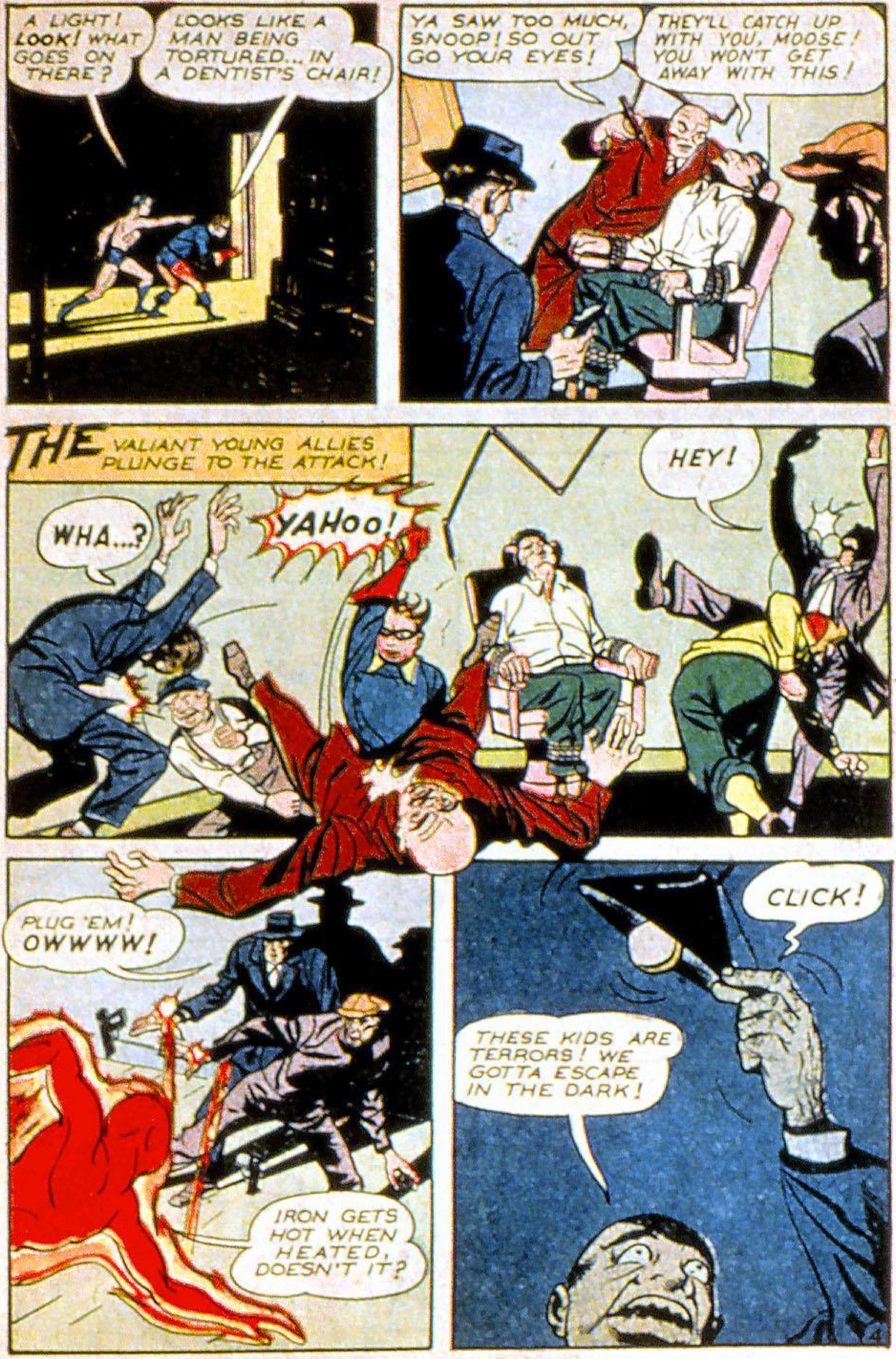
IT TAKES JUST ONE SMALL CRYPTIC CLUE TO LEAD THE **YOUNG ALLIES** INTO A THRILLING ADVENTURE AGAINST VICIOUS WOLVES OF CRIME! THREE LITTLE LETTERS AND A STRANGE DRAWING GIVE THE BATTLING QUARTET AN HOUR OF BAFFLING MYSTERY, AS THEY SEEK TO SOLVE THE...

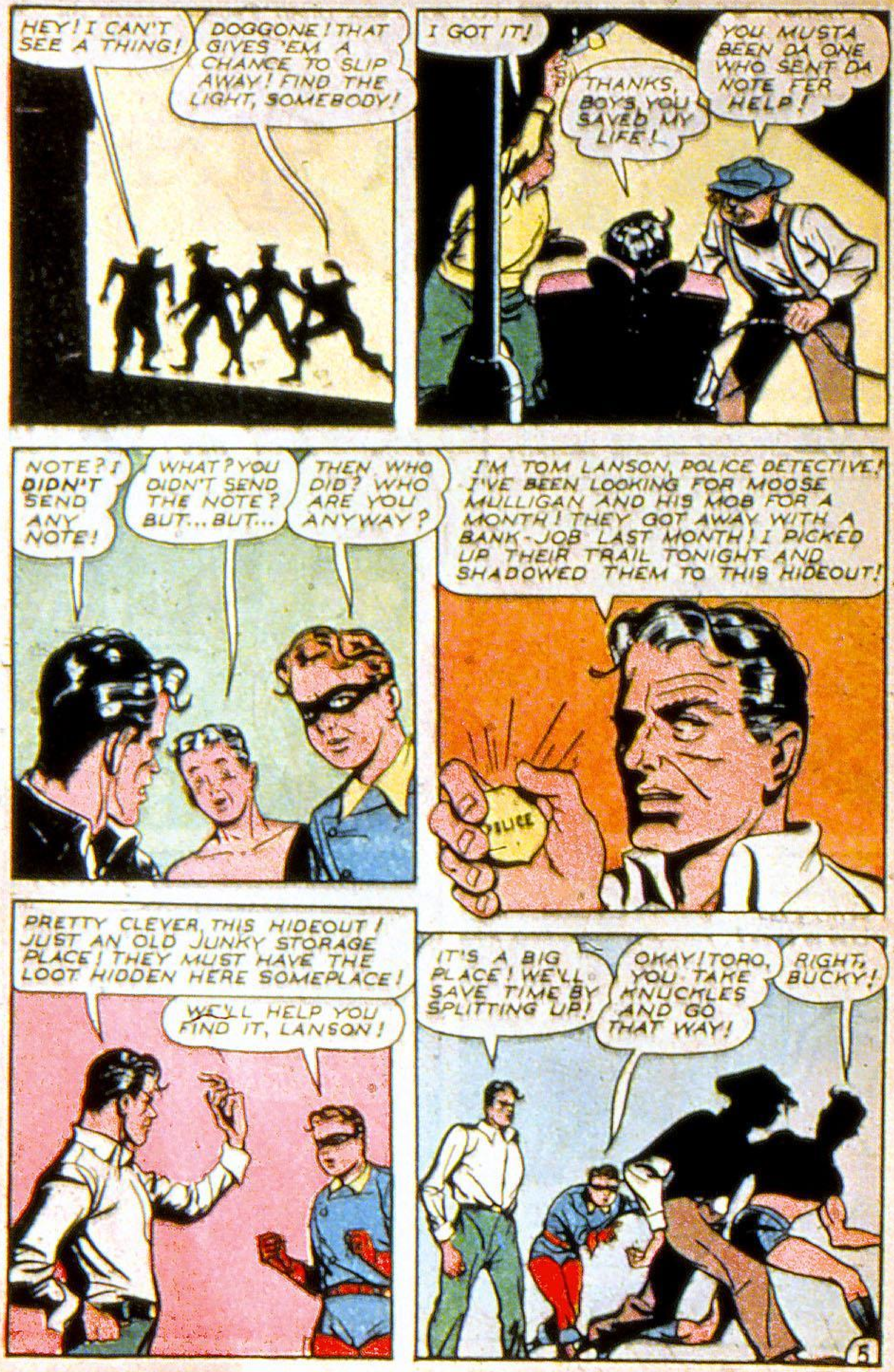
"PUZZLE OF EVIL!"

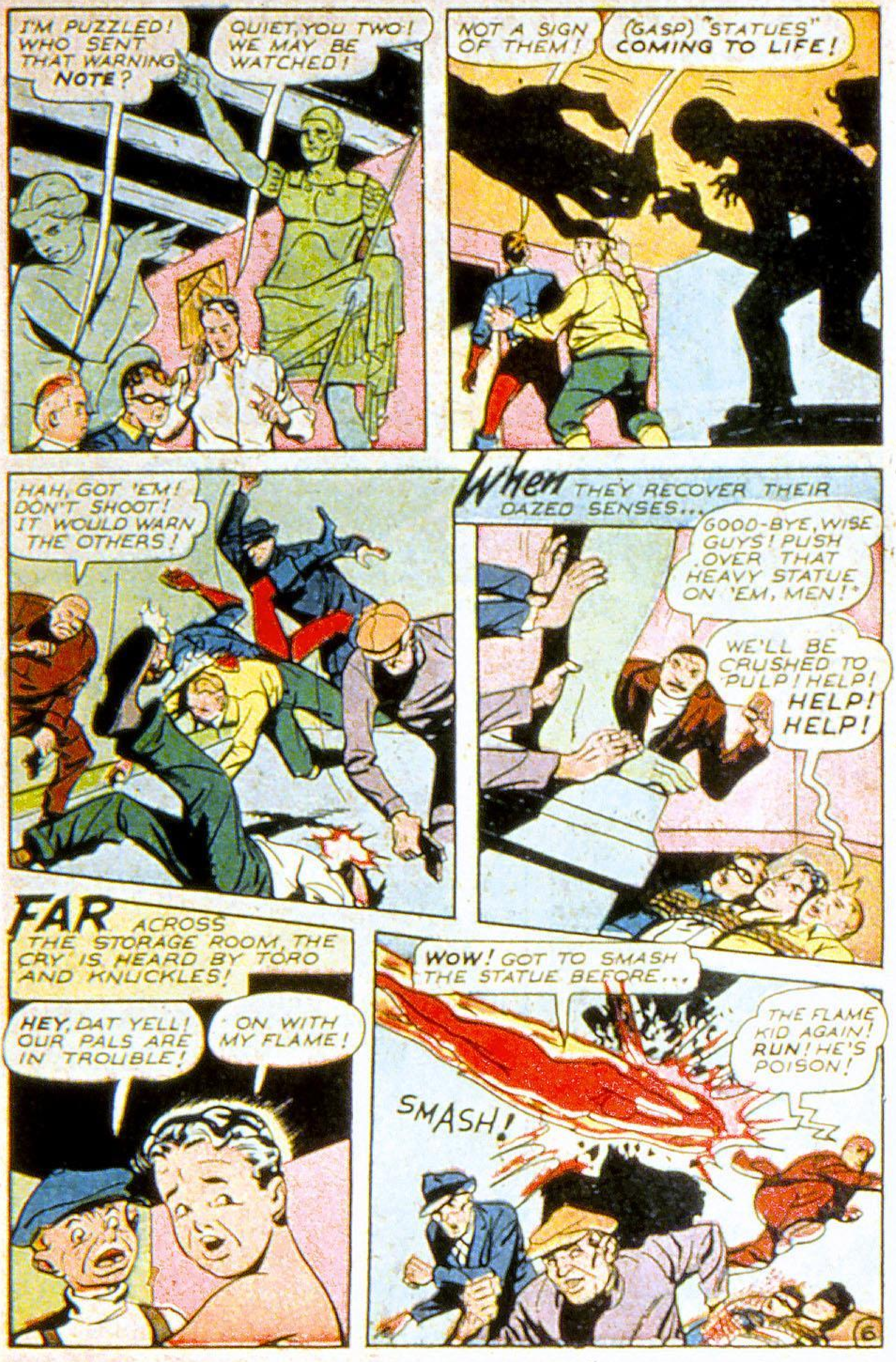

THE YOUNG ALLIES HAVE SOME TIME ON THEIR HANDS, AND...
WE HAVEN'T HAD ANY EXCITEMENT ALL DAY! LET'S DO SOMETHING!
HOW ABOUT DA NIGHT BASEBALL GAME?

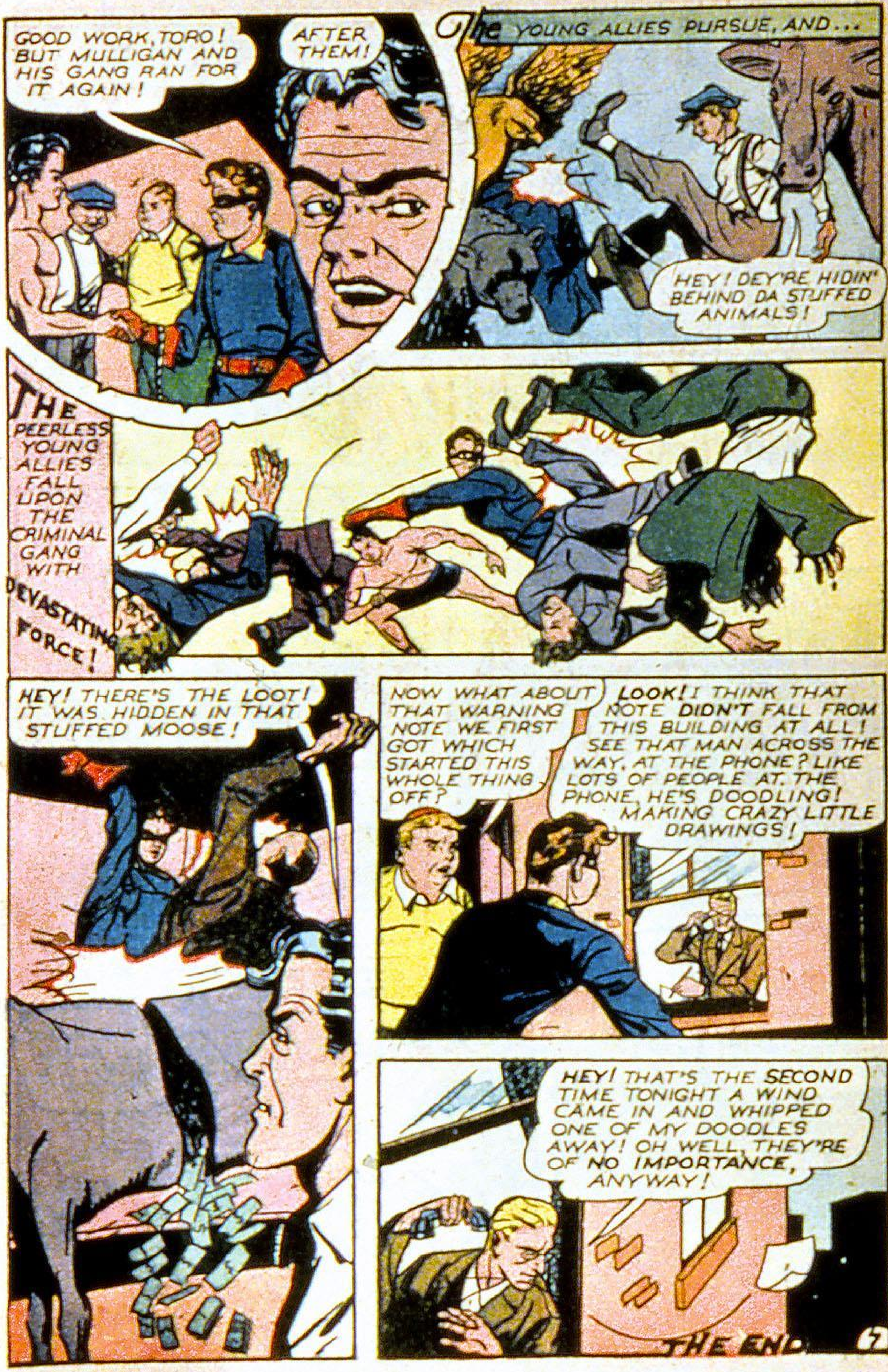

THEY'VE GOT A GOOD PICTURE AT THE MOVIES TONIGHT! LET'S GO, FELLAS!
OH BOY!
But FATE HAS DECREED THAT THEY WILL NEVER REACH THEIR DESTINATION, FOR A BIT OF PAPER DRIFTS AIMLESSLY DOWN, AND...
HEY! WHAT'S DIS HITTIN' ME IN DA FACE?
JUST A PIECE O' PAPER! I'LL...
WAIT, KNUCKLES! DON'T THROW IT AWAY! I NOTICED SOME PECULIAR MARKINGS ON IT! LET'S EXAMINE IT!
I THINK IT MEANS A MAN'S IN DANGER! NOTICE THE THREE LETTERS OF THE WORD "HELP!"
AW, BUCKY, YOU JUST GOT A GOOD IMAGINATION!
HEL
BUT NOTICE THIS! WHEN YOU TURN THE WORD UPSIDE DOWN THEY BECOME NUMERALS 734...
HOLY SMOKE! FELLAS, BUCKY IS RIGHT! IT COULD MEAN SOMEBODY IS IN DANGER ON THE 7TH FLOOR OF A BUILDING!
734
THE NOTE CAME DOWN FROM THIS BUILDING... IT'S AN OLD WAREHOUSE! BUT THE DOOR IS LOCKED!
HERE'S A WINDOW OPEN! THIS WAY!

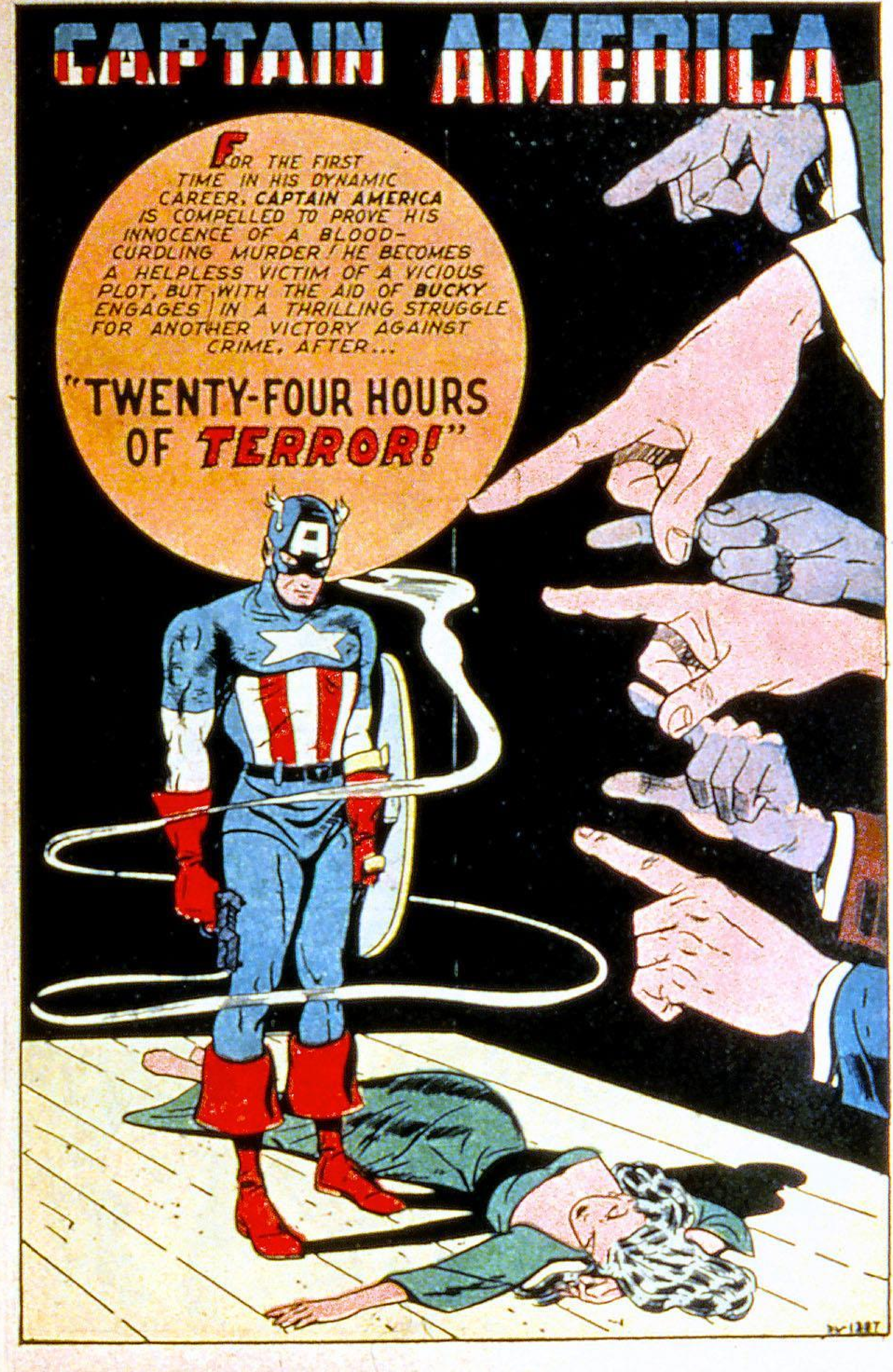

DA ELEVATOR IS OUT OF ORDER!
UP THE STAIRS! IF SOMEONE IS IN TROUBLE ON THE 7TH FLOOR, WE'VE GOT TO HURRY!
SOON AT THE 7TH FLOOR LANDING...
THIS FLOOR IS USED FOR STORAGE PURPOSES! WE MUST EXPLORE IT ALL!
(PUFF!) (PUFF!) WHAT A CLIMB!
STORAGE SPACE
SUDDENLY A FIGURE LOOMS OUT OF THE DARKNESS, AND...
WHAT'RE YOU KIDS DOIN' UP HERE? GET OUT! SCRAM!
WHY, YA BUM! HIT ME PAL, WILL YA?
GOOD WORK, KNUCKLES! HE'S OUT COLD! BOYS, I THINK WE'VE STUMBLED ONTO SOME DIRTY WORK UP HERE! LET'S GO AND SEE!

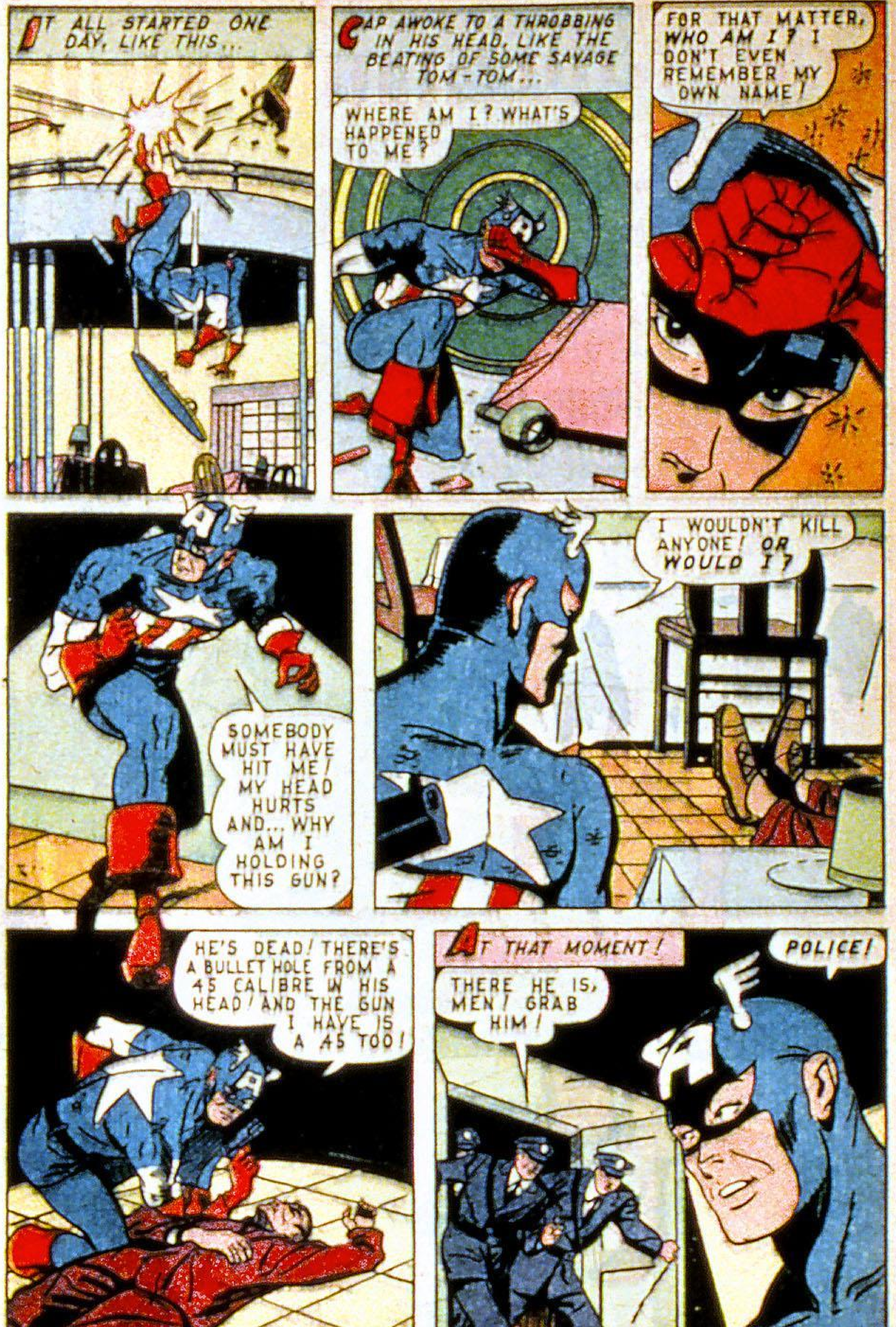

A LIGHT! LOOK! WHAT GOES ON THERE?
LOOKS LIKE A MAN BEING TORTURED... IN A DENTIST'S CHAIR!
YA SAW TOO MUCH, SNOOP! SO OUT GO YOUR EYES!
THEY'LL CATCH UP WITH YOU, MOOSE! YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!
THE VALIANT YOUNG ALLIES PLUNGE TO THE ATTACK!
WHA...?
YAHOO!
HEY!
PLUG 'EM! OWWWW!
IRON GETS HOT WHEN HEATED, DOESN'T IT?
CLICK!
THESE KIDS ARE TERRORS! WE GOTTA ESCAPE IN THE DARK!
4

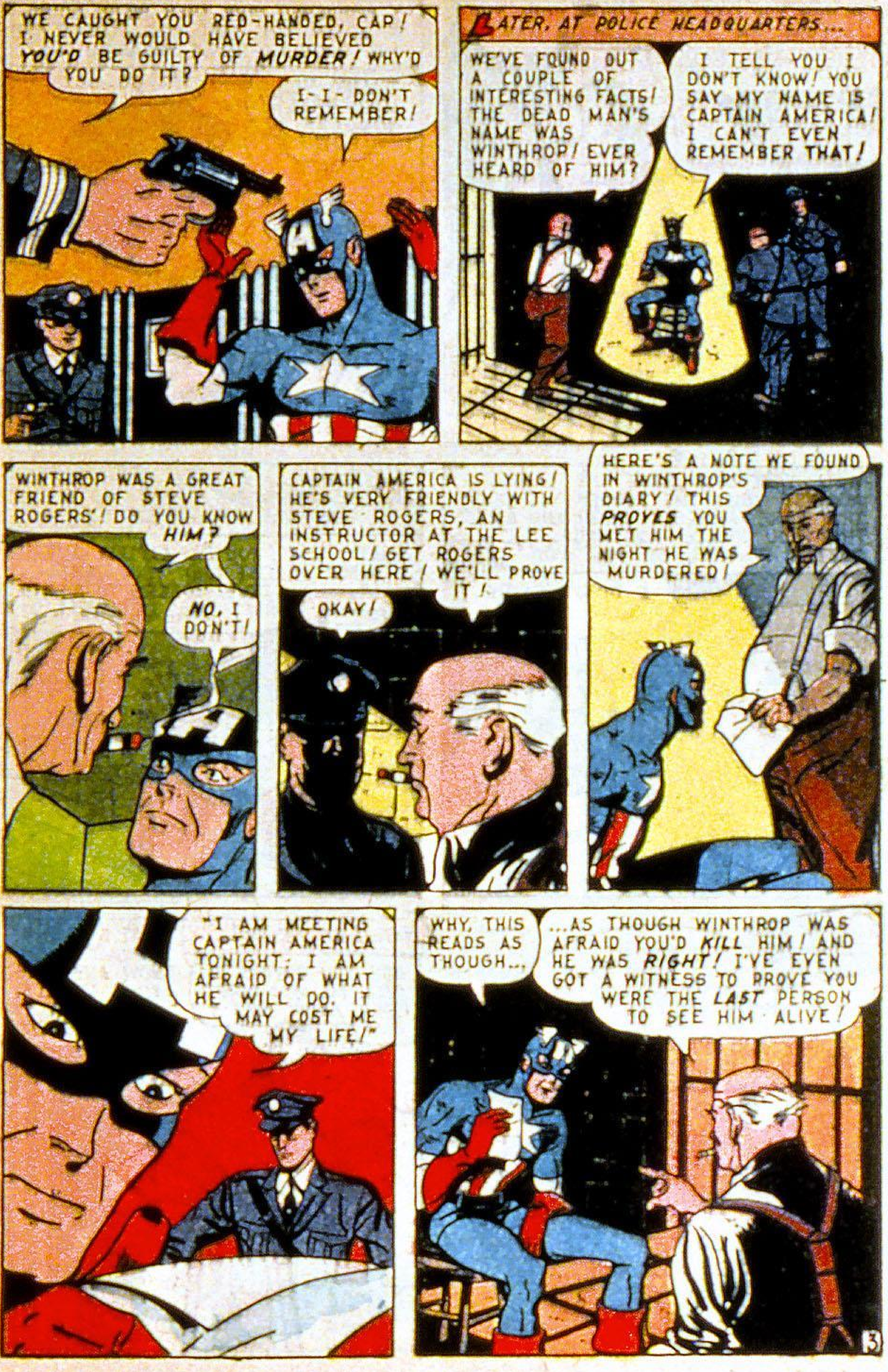

HEY! I CAN'T SEE A THING!
DOGGONE! THAT GIVES 'EM A CHANCE TO SLIP AWAY! FIND THE LIGHT, SOMEBODY!
I GOT IT!
THANKS, BOYS YOU SAVED MY LIFE!
YOU MUSTA BEEN DA ONE WHO SENT DA NOTE FER HELP!
NOTE? I DIDN'T SEND ANY NOTE!
WHAT? YOU DIDN'T SEND THE NOTE? BUT... BUT...
THEN WHO DID? WHO ARE YOU ANYWAY?
I'M TOM LANSON, POLICE DETECTIVE! I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR MOOSE MULLIGAN AND HIS MOB FOR A MONTH! THEY GOT AWAY WITH A BANK-JOB LAST MONTH! I PICKED UP THEIR TRAIL TONIGHT AND SHADOWED THEM TO THIS HIDEOUT!
POLICE
PRETTY CLEVER THIS HIDEOUT! JUST AN OLD JUNKY STORAGE PLACE! THEY MUST HAVE THE LOOT HIDDEN HERE SOMEPLACE!
WE'LL HELP YOU FIND IT, LANSON!
IT'S A BIG PLACE! WE'LL SAVE TIME BY SPLITTING UP!
OKAY! TORO, YOU TAKE KNUCKLES AND GO THAT WAY!
RIGHT, BUCKY!

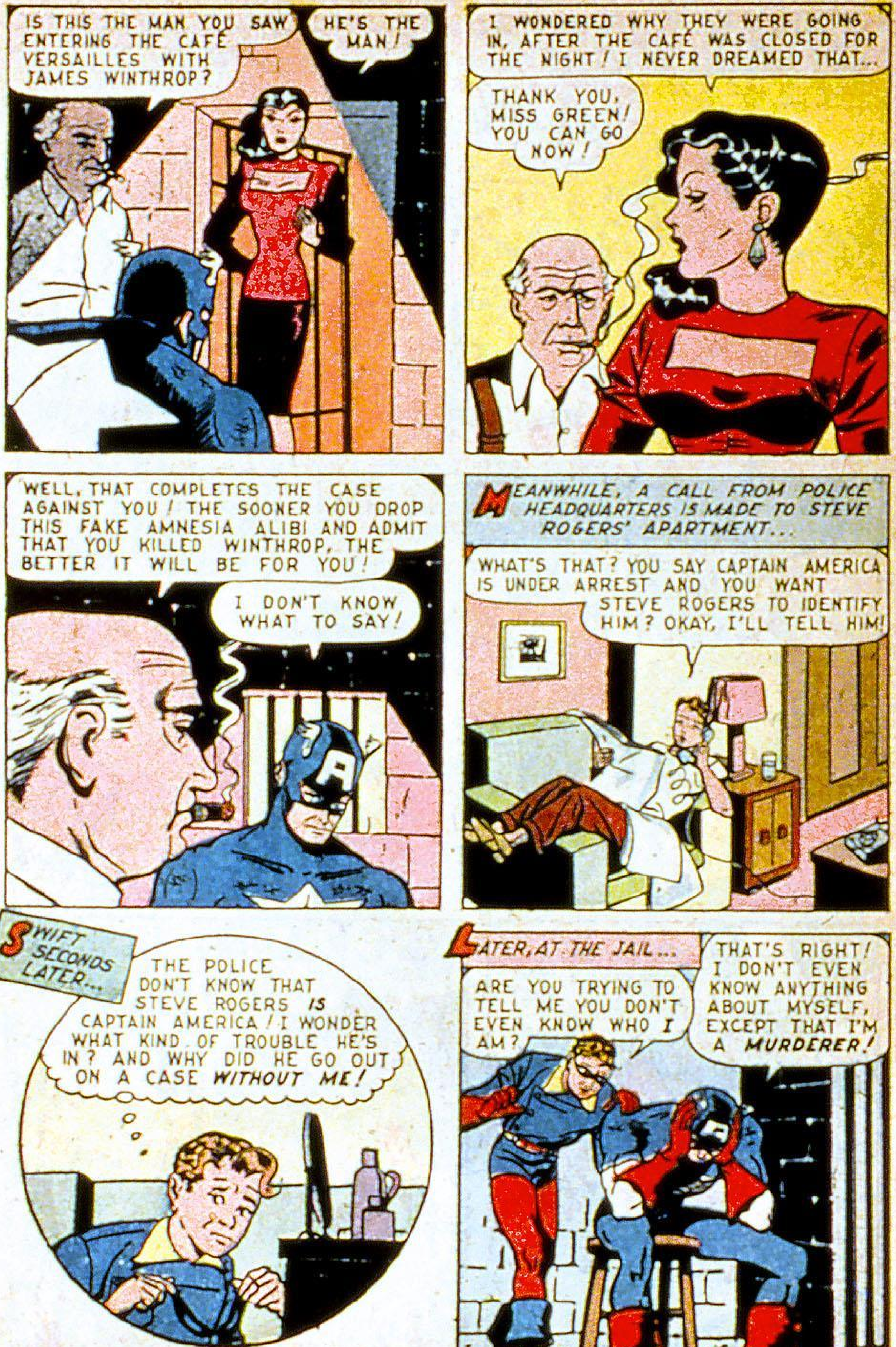

I'M PUZZLED! WHO SENT THAT WARNING NOTE?
QUIET, YOU TWO! WE MAY BE WATCHED!
NOT A SIGN OF THEM!
(GASP) "STATUES" COMING TO LIFE!
HAH, GOT 'EM! DON'T SHOOT! IT WOULD WARN THE OTHERS!
WHEN THEY RECOVER THEIR DAZED SENSES...
GOOD-BYE, WISE GUYS! PUSH OVER THAT HEAVY STATUE ON 'EM, MEN!
WE'LL BE CRUSHED TO PULP! HELP! HELP! HELP!
FAR ACROSS THE STORAGE ROOM, THE CRY IS HEARD BY TORO AND KNUCKLES!
HEY, DAT YELL! OUR PALS ARE IN TROUBLE!
ON WITH MY FLAME!
WOW! GOT TO SMASH THE STATUE BEFORE...
THE FLAME KID AGAIN! RUN! HE'S POISON!
SMASH!

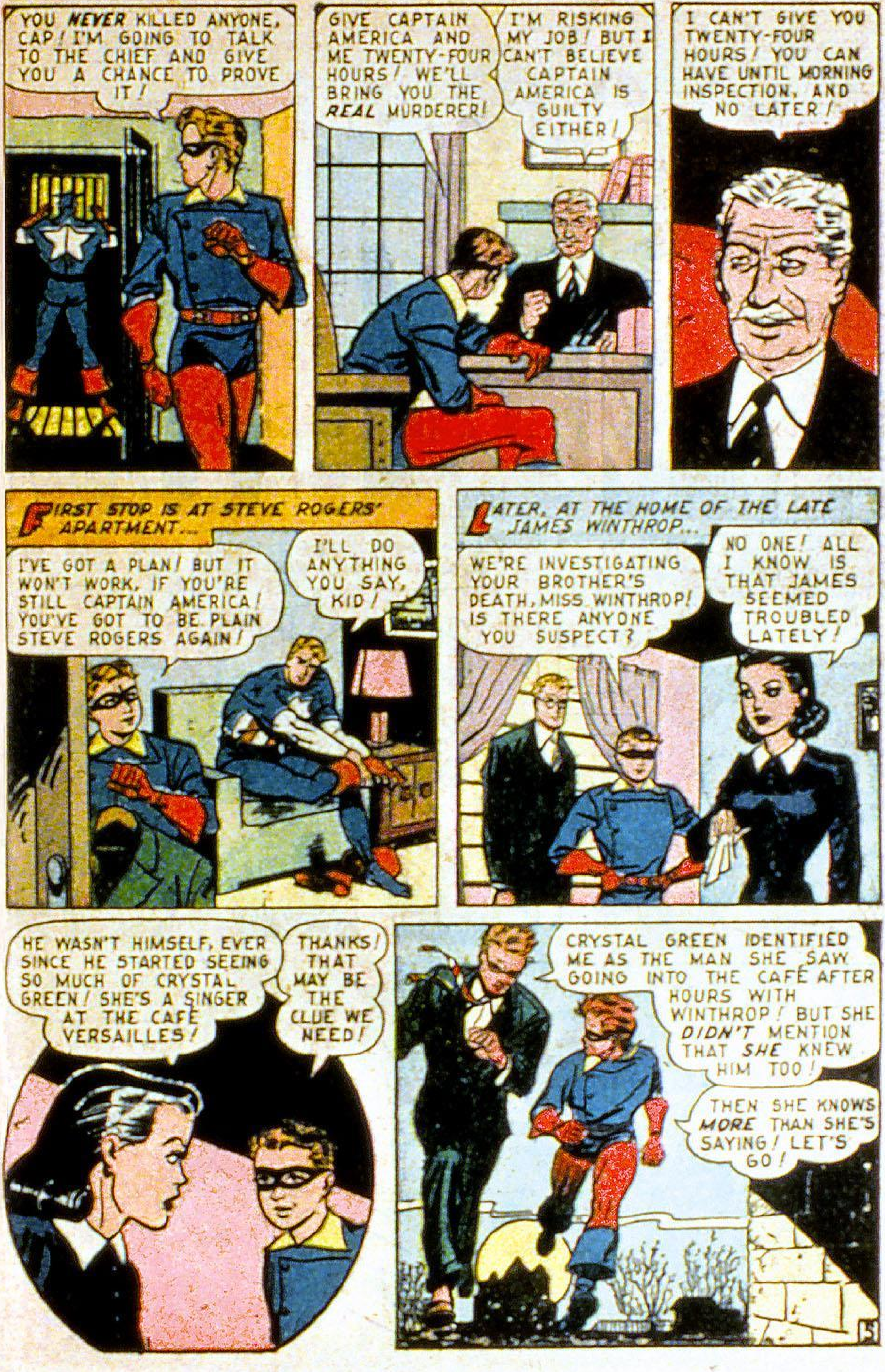

GOOD WORK, TORO! BUT MULLIGAN AND HIS GANG RAN FOR IT AGAIN!
AFTER THEM!
The YOUNG ALLIES PURSUE, AND...
HEY! DEY'RE HIDIN' BEHIND DA STUFFED ANIMALS!
THE PEERLESS YOUNG ALLIES FALL UPON THE CRIMINAL GANG WITH DEVASTATING FORCE!
HEY! THERE'S THE LOOT! IT WAS HIDDEN IN THAT STUFFED MOOSE!
NOW WHAT ABOUT THAT WARNING NOTE WE FIRST GOT WHICH STARTED THIS WHOLE THING OFF?
LOOK! I THINK THAT NOTE DIDN'T FALL FROM THIS BUILDING AT ALL! SEE THAT MAN ACROSS THE WAY, AT THE PHONE? LIKE LOTS OF PEOPLE AT THE PHONE, HE'S DOODLING! MAKING CRAZY LITTLE DRAWINGS!
HEY! THAT'S THE SECOND TIME TONIGHT A WIND CAME IN AND WHIPPED ONE OF MY DOODLES AWAY! OH WELL, THEY'RE OF NO IMPORTANCE, ANYWAY!
THE END
7

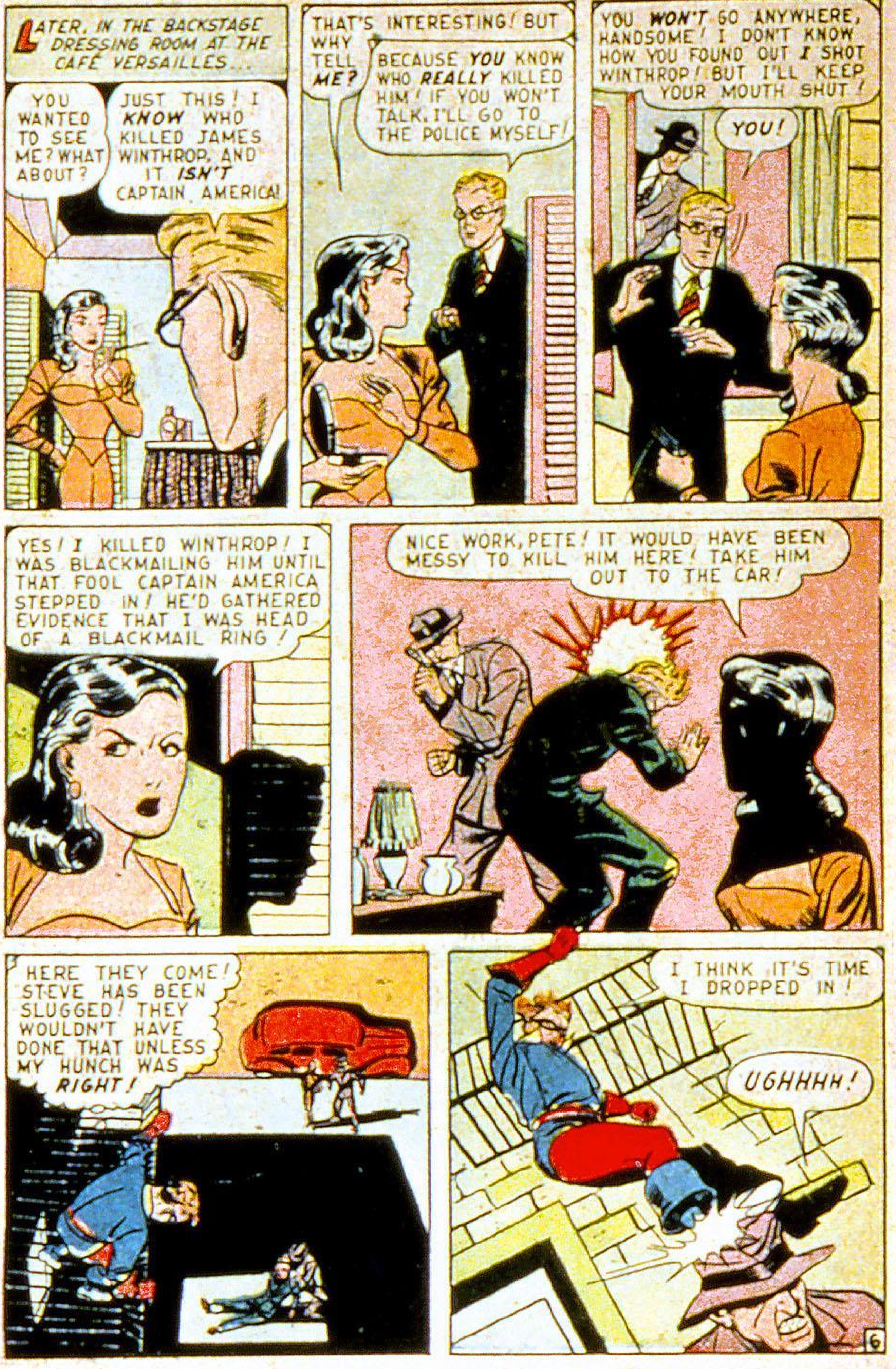

CAPTAIN AMERICA
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS DYNAMIC CAREER, CAPTAIN AMERICA IS COMPELLED TO PROVE HIS INNOCENCE OF A BLOOD-CURDLING MURDER! HE BECOMES A HELPLESS VICTIM OF A VICIOUS PLOT, BUT WITH THE AID OF BUCKY ENGAGES IN A THRILLING STRUGGLE FOR ANOTHER VICTORY AGAINST CRIME, AFTER...
"TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF TERROR!"
W-1387

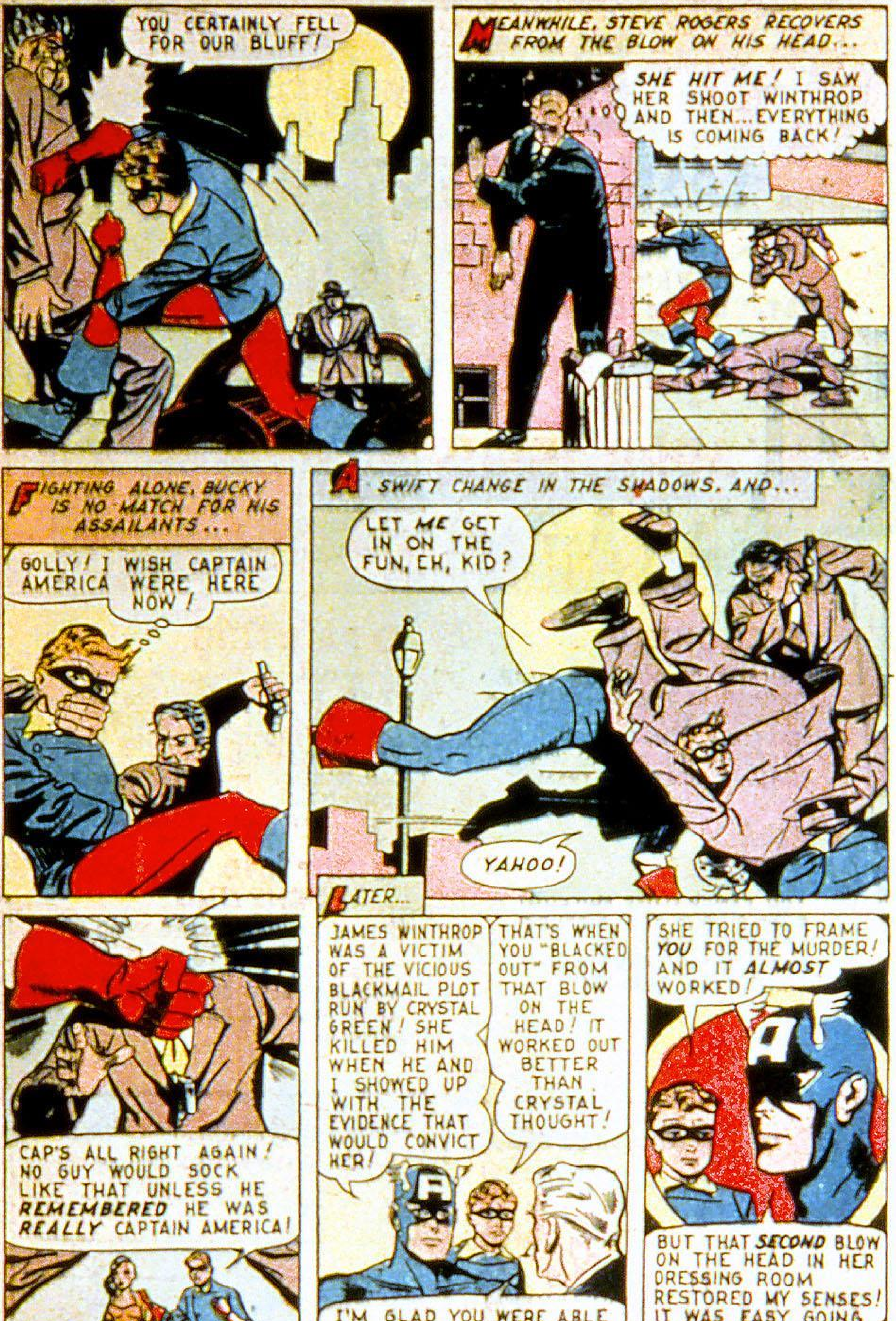

IT ALL STARTED ONE DAY, LIKE THIS...
CAP AWOKE TO A THROBBING IN HIS HEAD, LIKE THE BEATING OF SOME SAVAGE TOM-TOM...
WHERE AM I? WHAT'S HAPPENED TO ME?
FOR THAT MATTER, WHO AM I? I DON'T EVEN REMEMBER MY OWN NAME!
SOMEBODY MUST HAVE HIT ME! MY HEAD HURTS AND... WHY AM I HOLDING THIS GUN?
I WOULDN'T KILL ANYONE! OR WOULD I?
HE'S DEAD! THERE'S A BULLET HOLE FROM A 45 CALIBRE IN HIS HEAD! AND THE GUN I HAVE IS A 45 TOO!
AT THAT MOMENT!
POLICE!
THERE HE IS, MEN! GRAB HIM!


WE CAUGHT YOU RED-HANDED, CAP! I NEVER WOULD HAVE BELIEVED YOU'D BE GUILTY OF MURDER! WHY'D YOU DO IT?
I-I- DON'T REMEMBER!
LATER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
WE'VE FOUND OUT A COUPLE OF INTERESTING FACTS! THE DEAD MAN'S NAME WAS WINTHROP! EVER HEARD OF HIM?
I TELL YOU I DON'T KNOW! YOU SAY MY NAME IS CAPTAIN AMERICA! I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER THAT!
WINTHROP WAS A GREAT FRIEND OF STEVE ROGERS'! DO YOU KNOW HIM?
NO, I DON'T!
CAPTAIN AMERICA IS LYING! HE'S VERY FRIENDLY WITH STEVE ROGERS, AN INSTRUCTOR AT THE LEE SCHOOL! GET ROGERS OVER HERE! WE'LL PROVE IT!
OKAY!
HERE'S A NOTE WE FOUND IN WINTHROP'S DIARY! THIS PROVES YOU MET HIM THE NIGHT HE WAS MURDERED!
"I AM MEETING CAPTAIN AMERICA TONIGHT; I AM AFRAID OF WHAT HE WILL DO. IT MAY COST ME MY LIFE!"
WHY, THIS READS AS THOUGH...
...AS THOUGH WINTHROP WAS AFRAID YOU'D KILL HIM! AND HE WAS RIGHT! I'VE EVEN GOT A WITNESS TO PROVE YOU WERE THE LAST PERSON TO SEE HIM ALIVE!
3


IS THIS THE MAN YOU SAW ENTERING THE CAFÉ VERSAILLES WITH JAMES WINTHROP?
HE'S THE MAN!
I WONDERED WHY THEY WERE GOING IN, AFTER THE CAFÉ WAS CLOSED FOR THE NIGHT! I NEVER DREAMED THAT...
THANK YOU, MISS GREEN! YOU CAN GO NOW!
WELL, THAT COMPLETES THE CASE AGAINST YOU! THE SOONER YOU DROP THIS FAKE AMNESIA ALIBI AND ADMIT THAT YOU KILLED WINTHROP, THE BETTER IT WILL BE FOR YOU!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY!
MEANWHILE, A CALL FROM POLICE HEADQUARTERS IS MADE TO STEVE ROGERS' APARTMENT...
WHAT'S THAT? YOU SAY CAPTAIN AMERICA IS UNDER ARREST AND YOU WANT STEVE ROGERS TO IDENTIFY HIM? OKAY, I'LL TELL HIM!
SWIFT SECONDS LATER...
THE POLICE DON'T KNOW THAT STEVE ROGERS IS CAPTAIN AMERICA! I WONDER WHAT KIND OF TROUBLE HE'S IN? AND WHY DID HE GO OUT ON A CASE WITHOUT ME!
LATER, AT THE JAIL...
ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO I AM?
THAT'S RIGHT! I DON'T EVEN KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT MYSELF, EXCEPT THAT I'M A MURDERER!


YOU *NEVER* KILLED ANYONE, CAP! I'M GOING TO TALK TO THE CHIEF AND GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO PROVE IT!
GIVE CAPTAIN AMERICA AND ME TWENTY-FOUR HOURS! WE'LL BRING YOU THE *REAL* MURDERER!
I'M RISKING MY JOB! BUT I CAN'T BELIEVE CAPTAIN AMERICA IS GUILTY EITHER!
I CAN'T GIVE YOU TWENTY-FOUR HOURS! YOU CAN HAVE UNTIL MORNING INSPECTION, AND NO LATER!
FIRST STOP IS AT STEVE ROGERS' APARTMENT...
I'VE GOT A PLAN! BUT IT WON'T WORK, IF YOU'RE STILL CAPTAIN AMERICA! YOU'VE GOT TO BE PLAIN STEVE ROGERS AGAIN!
I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY, KID!
LATER, AT THE HOME OF THE LATE JAMES WINTHROP...
WE'RE INVESTIGATING YOUR BROTHER'S DEATH, MISS WINTHROP! IS THERE ANYONE YOU SUSPECT?
NO ONE! ALL I KNOW IS THAT JAMES SEEMED TROUBLED LATELY!
HE WASN'T HIMSELF, EVER SINCE HE STARTED SEEING SO MUCH OF CRYSTAL GREEN! SHE'S A SINGER AT THE CAFÉ VERSAILLES!
THANKS! THAT MAY BE THE CLUE WE NEED!
CRYSTAL GREEN IDENTIFIED ME AS THE MAN SHE SAW GOING INTO THE CAFÉ AFTER HOURS WITH WINTHROP! BUT SHE *DIDN'T* MENTION THAT *SHE* KNEW HIM TOO!
THEN SHE KNOWS *MORE* THAN SHE'S SAYING! LET'S GO!


LATER, IN THE BACKSTAGE DRESSING ROOM AT THE CAFÉ VERSAILLES...
YOU WANTED TO SEE ME? WHAT ABOUT?
JUST THIS! I KNOW WHO KILLED JAMES WINTHROP, AND IT ISN'T CAPTAIN AMERICA!
THAT'S INTERESTING! BUT WHY TELL ME?
BECAUSE YOU KNOW WHO REALLY KILLED HIM! IF YOU WON'T TALK, I'LL GO TO THE POLICE MYSELF!
YOU WON'T GO ANYWHERE, HANDSOME! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU FOUND OUT I SHOT WINTHROP! BUT I'LL KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT!
YOU!
YES! I KILLED WINTHROP! I WAS BLACKMAILING HIM UNTIL THAT FOOL CAPTAIN AMERICA STEPPED IN! HE'D GATHERED EVIDENCE THAT I WAS HEAD OF A BLACKMAIL RING!
NICE WORK, PETE! IT WOULD HAVE BEEN MESSY TO KILL HIM HERE! TAKE HIM OUT TO THE CAR!
HERE THEY COME! STEVE HAS BEEN SLUGGED! THEY WOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT UNLESS MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT!
I THINK IT'S TIME I DROPPED IN!
UGHHHH!


YOU CERTAINLY FELL FOR OUR BLUFF!
MEANWHILE, STEVE ROGERS RECOVERS FROM THE BLOW ON HIS HEAD...
SHE HIT ME! I SAW HER SHOOT WINTHROP AND THEN... EVERYTHING IS COMING BACK!
FIGHTING ALONE, BUCKY IS NO MATCH FOR HIS ASSAILANTS...
GOLLY! I WISH CAPTAIN AMERICA WERE HERE NOW!
A SWIFT CHANGE IN THE SHADOWS, AND...
LET ME GET IN ON THE FUN, EH, KID?
YAHOO!
CAP'S ALL RIGHT AGAIN! NO GUY WOULD SOCK LIKE THAT UNLESS HE REMEMBERED HE WAS REALLY CAPTAIN AMERICA!
LATER...
JAMES WINTHROP WAS A VICTIM OF THE VICIOUS BLACKMAIL PLOT RUN BY CRYSTAL GREEN! SHE KILLED HIM WHEN HE AND I SHOWED UP WITH THE EVIDENCE THAT WOULD CONVICT HER!
THAT'S WHEN YOU "BLACKED OUT" FROM THAT BLOW ON THE HEAD! IT WORKED OUT BETTER THAN CRYSTAL THOUGHT!
I'M GLAD YOU WERE ABLE TO CLEAR YOURSELF, CAPTAIN AMERICA!
7
SHE TRIED TO FRAME YOU FOR THE MURDER! AND IT ALMOST WORKED!
BUT THAT SECOND BLOW ON THE HEAD IN HER DRESSING ROOM RESTORED MY SENSES! IT WAS EASY GOING AFTER THAT!
THE END

WIN BIG CASH PRIZES!

ARE YOU A KNITTIN' KITTEN?
A CLEVER COOKIE?
GOT OCEANS OF NOTIONS?

Miss America

4 BIG CONTESTS IN THE APRIL ISSUE OF Miss America

① COOKING

WHAT'S COOKING ON YOUR BURNER IN THE SWEET-STUFF DEPARTMENT? WHIP UP THE TASTIEST, TEMPTINGEST COOKIES, CAKES OR CANDY AND WIN BIG *CASH* PRIZES FOR THEM!

② PAINTING

. . . WITHOUT A BRUSH! PLASTIC PAINTS TO HELP DESIGN COSTLY-COOKING ITEMS, WITH LITTLE COST! NO END TO THE THINGS YOU CAN DO, THE MONEY YOU CAN MAKE IN THIS KEEN NEW COMPETITION!

③ IDEAS

FOR FANCY-FLUFF AND FUN! RUFFLE YOUR OWN-PICTURE' FRAMES, APRONS - OH, SO MANY THINGS - AND WIN GIANT CASH AWARDS!

④ KNITTING AND CROCHETING

USE YOUR NOODLE AND YOUR NEEDLE - AND COME UP WITH SOME PRETTY, PRACTICAL PRIZE-WINNERS! ALSO SURE-FIRE TO MAKE YOUR POCKETS JINGLE-JANGLE!

For all the important details see the

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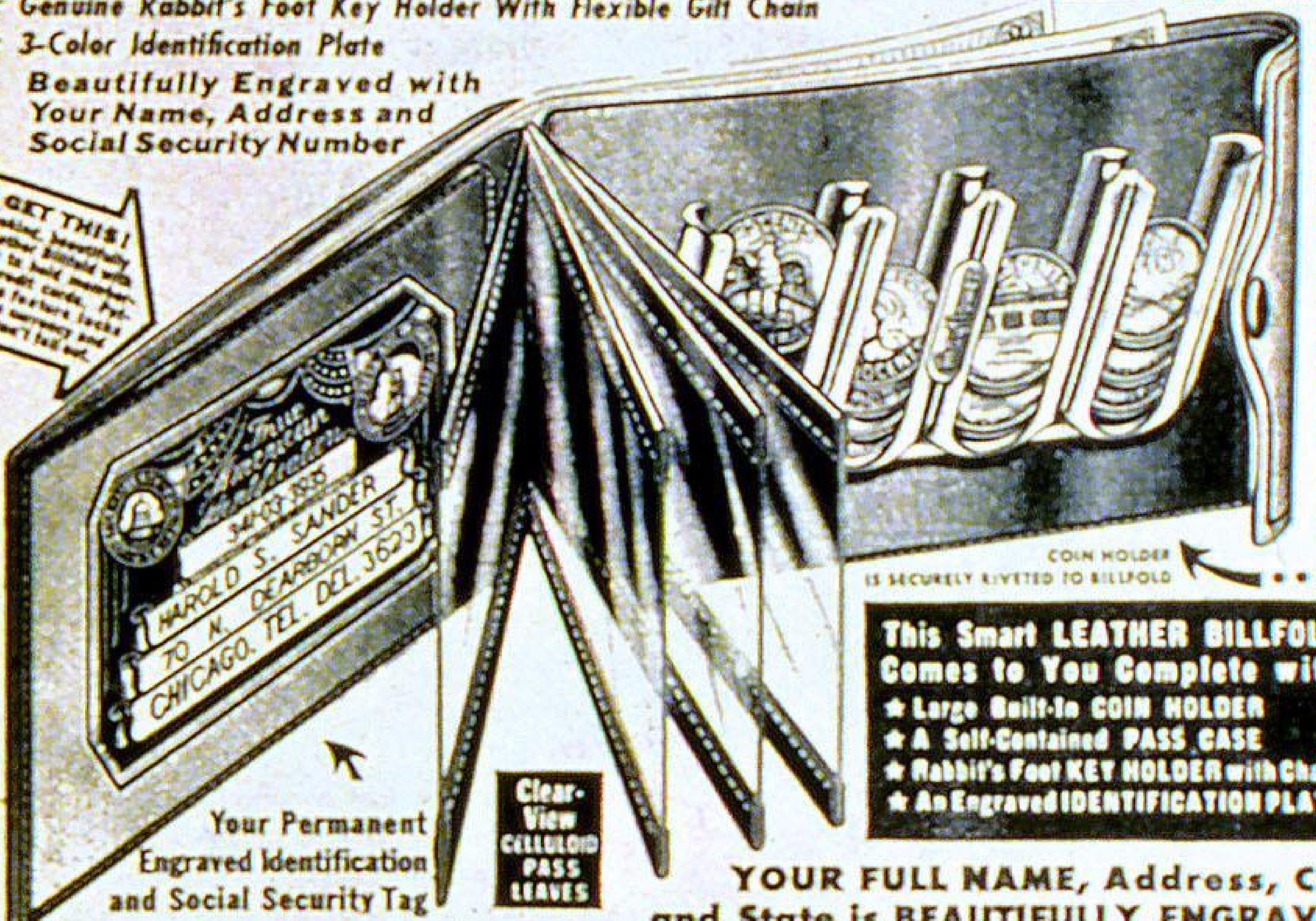
Beautifully Engraved with Your Name, Address and Social Security Number

YOU GET THIS! Smart looking, beautifully styled Leather Billfold with Pass Case to hold membership and credit cards. Perfected snap feature locks securely so currency and valuables can't fall out.



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This Smart LEATHER BILLFOLD Comes to You Complete with

- ★ Large Built-In COIN HOLDER
- ★ A Self-Contained PASS CASE
- ★ Rabbit's Foot KEY HOLDER with Chain
- ★ An Engraved IDENTIFICATION PLATE

YOUR FULL NAME, Address, City and State is BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED on the 3-Color Social Security Plate!!

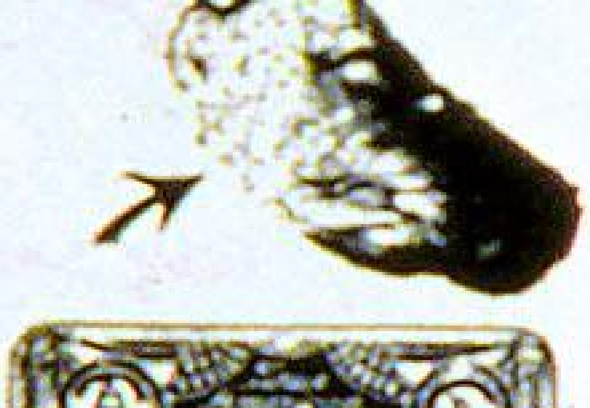
Here's something new in a billfold. Without a doubt the handiest and greatest Billfold Bargain that you'll be likely to see for a good many years to come. Designed by skilled Billfold craftsmen and made available to our customers at a price that's sensationally low for a billfold with so many unusual features. If you have shopped around you know that it is virtually impossible to get even an ordinary type billfold which holds just currency for less than $2.00. Then take a good look at this new smart Leather Billfold and see all you get for only $1.98. Besides the spacious compartment at the back which can be used for currency, checks, papers, etc., there's a beautiful plastic Coin Holder for your loose change built right into your billfold. Then there's a built-in Pass Case with 4 pockets each protected by celluloid to prevent the soiling of your valuable membership and credit cards. We also send you a genuine Rabbit's Foot and attached Gilt Chain for your keys in addition to a specially designed 3-color Emergency Identification Plate, on which we engrave your Social Security Number, your name and your address.

Man, here's a billfold for you. Actually 4 Big Values in One. Everything you need, everything you use regularly, right where you want them. Easy to get at. Handy. Efficient. Durably made. The neatest, most complete Billfold you've ever seen. We rush your order today. If after receiving your billfold you don't agree that this is the most outstanding bargain you ever came across, return it and we'll cheerfully refund your money.

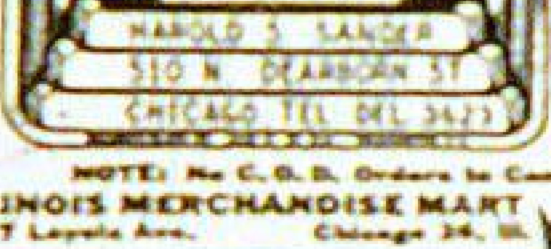
DeLuxe VALUE

Smart STYLING

YOU GET THIS! Genuine Rabbit's Foot Key Holder with Flexible Gilt Chain in addition to the handy Coin Holder which is securely fastened to the Billfold as pictured above.



YOU GET THIS! A beautiful 3-color Emergency Identification Plate which carries your full name, address and Social Security Number. A perfect identification record for you



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SEND NO MONEY!
JUST MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

RUSH THIS COUPON for THIS ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME BARGAIN!

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MY FULL NAME ______________________
(PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

ADDRESS ______________________

CITY ______________ STATE ______________

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* Social Security No. ______________

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CANDY
rich in dextrose

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